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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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First Modern Soldier

THE BLACK EAGLE: Bertrand du Guesclin, Sword of France. By M. Coryn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1934. $2.75.

BERTRAND OF BRITTANY. By Roger Vercel. Translated by Marion Saunders. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE history of the Hundred Years War is a drama of alternating fortunes in four acts: Act I, the successful English invasion, Cressy and Poitiers, France nearly conquered; Act II, the revived French monarchy under Charles V takes the offensive and drives the English almost out of France; Act III, the madness of Charles VI, Agincourt, and half France in English hands; Act IV, Joan of Arc, the national revival, and the final expulsion of the English. In the first revival of French fortunes (Act II) Bertrand du Guesclin played a leading role. In him the unwarlike Charles V found a captain who knew how to check and beat the English and win back the lost towns and castles; a leader whose victories restored the shaken confidence and captured the imagination of the people.

Du Guesclin emerges into the light of history as a hard-bitten leader of Breton irregulars who had won local successes in his own province and risen to be Count of Longueville and Marshal of Normandy. He won a battle for the crown and was chosen to lead the disorderly free companies, those bandit mercenaries who were bleeding France to death, out of the kingdom into Spain. Taken prisoner there by the Black Prince, he was ransomed, returned to Spain, and helped to establish Henry of Trastamare, thereafter to be a valuable ally of France, on the throne of Castile. Though Guesclin was not of the higher nobility, Charles V took the bold step of making him Constable of France. He amply justified his sovereign's confidence. He did not risk great battles. He relied not on cumbersome feudal levies but on small, mobile bodies of disciplined professional soldiers. He wore down the English armies, cutting off detachments and convoys, making his enemies expend their strength in futile marches; he was a master of guerilla warfare and of rapid movements and sudden combinations, like Stonewall Jackson or Lawrence of Arabia; he exercised that watchful economy of effort which is the mark of military genius.

The Bertrand du Guesclin of history is a curiously modern figure for the fourteenth century. He hung the Frenchmen in the garrisons he captured but treated the English as prisoners of war, thus giving the word traitor its modern meaning and making that distinction which is the beginning of modern patriotism. He understood the value of support from the non-combatant populations, did his best to prevent plundering, and insisted that his troops should be well supplied and promptly paid. He was an able organizer and recruiting officer and skilful at raising money. He took more towns by diplomacy than by force and never tried to out-fight an opponent when he could achieve the same result by out-marching and out-guessing him. In short, war to him was not a game, as it was to his chivalric contemporaries, but a stern, serious business. But it was not a business to be pursued, as the mercenary captains of the day pursued it, for personal profit and

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HAROLD NICOLSON AND FOUR OF HIS SUBJECTS

Byron, upper left, from the Romney portrait; Tennyson, upper right, painted by Watts; below, Arthur Nicolson ("Portrait of a Diplomatist") and Lord Curzon (Illustrated London News). *Photograph of Mr. Nicolson, center, by Keystone View Co.*

How I Write Biography

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

This article is one of a series to which Mr. Tomlinson's recent essay on the novel also belongs. The editors have requested other distinguished writers to analyze their own purposes and discuss the rules and sources of their own art. Each essay will be a personal contribution to criticism.

I HAVE been invited by the *Saturday Review* to describe my personal experience of biography. I have been asked, more specifically, to divulge those influences which determined my choice of subject, sources, and material; to explain the methods by which I worked; and to discuss how the ensuing book corresponded to my own view of history and to my general philosophy of life. It was suggested at the same time that I should take one particular book as an illustration of my argument. What was required was not an article upon the general principles of biography so much as a confession of my own practice and experience in that ungentle art. I shall respond to that invitation as obediently as I can.

My first difficulty is that my biographical work has been of different kinds. I confess, indeed, that I have never written a "pure" biography, in the sense that I have never written the life of an individual conceived solely as a work of art. I have thus written studies of Verlaine, Tennyson, and Swinburne which, although they contained much biographical material, were in fact attempts at literary criticism. My "Byron the Last Journey," although more strictly biographical than the three books above mentioned, dealt only with the last twelve months of the poet's lifetime. "Some People" was an experiment in the most impure form of biography, namely, that of biographical fiction. And in my other books, such as "Portrait of a Diplomatist" and my more recent "Curzon: the Last Phase," my aim has been, not merely to paint the portrait of an individual, but also to record more than half a century of diplomatic history.

The above explanation, egoistic though it may seem, is essential to what follows. One day I hope to write a "pure" biography and to concentrate upon describing the life and character of an individual from every angle and with no purpose other than such a description. As yet, however, I have never written a "pure" biography and am therefore but an ill-bred specimen of the biographer. It is with full consciousness of my mongrel origin that I write these confessions.

What, to begin with, really *is* biography? It is the history of the life of an individual written as a branch of literature. As a history, it must be true. In that it describes an individual, it must be personal. And in that it is a branch of literature, it must be written with due regard to construction, balance, and style. The purely literary aspect is a question of personal temperament and taste. The problems of "truth" and "personality" are, however, the first two problems that the biographer has to face. As problems, they are far more difficult than they seem.

A biographer, for instance, is obliged, if he has any artistic conscience, to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Is he also obliged to tell the *whole* truth? It is obviously impossible for one person to tell the whole truth about another person, even if they have been intimately acquainted for several years. This particular problem does not, however, present itself to the biographer in its general aspect; it presents itself in the form of a concrete instance. In my researches, for instance, into the last year of Byron's life I came across certain documents which threw a wholly new light, not only upon Byron's character, but even upon the problem of

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The Narrow House of Victorian England

BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN. By Evelyn Scott. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE GREGORY

WITH each succeeding novel, it becomes more and more apparent that Mrs. Scott uncovers a number of uneasy problems for the critic and reviewer. Unlike her peers —and here I would include Mrs. Wharton and Willa Cather—she has arrived at no final destination; she eludes those categories that we are so fond of making for the novelist, those neat distinctions by which we separate the writing of a novel from other activities in literature. I would say that from the very start of her career Mrs. Scott has been interested in something far beyond the formal limitations of her medium, and one might add that her growth in mastery over that medium is almost incidental. She has, I think, proved her ability as an artist in all varieties of the form that she has chosen: among her shorter pieces are those admirable novelettes in "Ideals," and not content with these she turned to the larger canvases of "The Wave" and "The Calendar of Sin." Falling between the novelettes and the longer studies are her first book "The Narrow House," "Escapade," "Migrations," "Eva Gay," and the present novel, "Breathe Upon These Slain." I believe that this last is among the best of the dozen books that she has written, and listing a few facts about it will reveal, I think, its less obvious relationship to all the others.

In this last book there is a noticeable shift in environment; the scene is laid on the East coast of England and the central action of the novel is motivated by a series of events which took place forty years ago. The story is told by means of a special device: the narrator is living in a furnished house, and guided by family photographs hanging on the wall, reconstructs the history of the Courtneys who had made the house their home. It was one of those middle-class English families that wheeled slowly upward from moderate prosperity

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This Week

A FRIENDLY SOUL
By CLARENCE DAY

THE CHINESE: THEIR HISTORY AND CULTURE
By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE
Reviewed by L. Carrington Goodrich

OUT OF CHAOS
By ILYA EHRENBOURG
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

NOW WITH HIS LOVE
By JOHN PEALE BISHOP
Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR
By EWALD BANSE
Reviewed by Frank H. Simonds

CONVERSION
By A. D. NOCK
Reviewed by Campbell Bonner

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

EXILE'S RETURN
By MALCOLM COWLEY
Reviewed by Bernard De Voto

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How I Write Biography

(*Continued from first page*)

his separation and departure from England. To have divulged this information would have created a sensation and have destroyed for many romantic people the picture they had formed of Byron's character. I decided that I should make no use of this material except in so far as it colored and confirmed my own estimate of Byron's strangely complicated temperament. I think I was right in so doing, and I should justify my action upon the following biographical principle, listed under the heading of "Truth and the Whole Truth." My principle is as follows: "If a biographer discovers material which is so sensational and shocking that it will disturb, not only the average reader, but the whole proportions of his own work, then he is justified in suppressing the actual facts. He is not justified, however, in suppressing the conclusions which he himself draws from those facts, and he must alter his portrait so that it conforms to those facts." That is what I did in my treatment of Byron. Should some future research-worker come upon that same material he will recognize from my book that I also was in possession of that material, that it colored my interpretation of Byron's temperament, but that I suppressed the material itself for perfectly legitimate reasons.

The problem of "personality" again, while it is akin to the problem of "the whole truth," takes devious forms. A biographer, if he is to achieve a coherent portrait, is obliged to select certain qualities or defects in his subject to which he gives especial emphasis. If he be an honest biographer he will be scrupulously careful to secure that this selection, or emphasis, is no distortion of the original. Yet not always will he find it easy to decide. A problem of this nature assailed me in my recent study of Lord Curzon which will shortly be published in the United States. Curzon was notoriously selfish in money matters, and there were occasions when he behaved, in matters of personal [illegible]rty, in a manner unworthy of a gen[illegible]n. I was perplexed as to how to [illegible]e this element in his character. [illegible]ving him intimately, I was aware that it represented only one of his many eccentricities. Yet I was also aware that those who had not known him intimately would see the whole picture in a false proportion. I thus merely alluded to his marked acquisitive instincts and gave no illustrations of the extent to which those instincts were manifested in his daily life. Here again I claim that I was justified. It was not that I desired to whitewash Curzon; it was merely that I knew that this eccentric failing would upset the proportions of my portrait and thereby convey an actually false impression. In principle, it is a mistake to suppress any weaknesses in one's subject. But in practice the honest biographer will find that the cause of truth is better served by the suppression of details which are disconcerting to the reader and which would falsify the ultimate impression left upon his mind.

I have begun my confessions with these two problems of truth and personality since they form a necessary introduction to the first item in the examination set me, namely, "choice of subject." In many cases, of course, the subject of a biography is imposed by adventitious circumstances. I was induced to write a biography of my father, published in the United States under the title of "Portrait of a Diplomatist," by obvious external considerations. When I had completed the book I was urged by friends to continue the thread of diplomatic history which it contained, and this led naturally to the second and third volumes of my trilogy on diplomatic history, namely, "Peacemaking" and "Curzon: the Last Phase." In these three books, therefore, I did not, technically, "choose my subject." My study of Swinburne, also, was suggested to me from outside, and it may be for that reason that it is the worst book I have ever written. In regard to Verlaine, Tennyson, and Byron I did, however, "choose my subject," and I ought to be able to describe the motives which prompted this selection.

I remember well the genesis of my book on Verlaine, which was the first book I ever wrote. The Paris Peace Conference was drawing to its close, and one afternoon I walked back with Michael Sadler from the Quai d'Orsay. "I suppose," I said to him, "that it will all be rather flat when this is over. I have got so used to being overworked. What shall I do with the leisure which will follow?" "You must write a book," he answered. The idea struck me as highly original. It happened that on the few occasions when I had managed to get away from the work of the Conference I had amused myself by visiting the sites which Verlaine had frequented, having for years been fascinated by the life and poetry of that eccentric genius. Inevitably the name of Verlaine suggested itself to me, and from that moment I began to accumulate more detailed material. Tennyson, in his turn, was suggested to me, mainly by the fact that I had always appreciated his poetry, but also by my irritation at finding that so few of my contemporaries had ever tried to read or understand the work of the greatest of our English Laureates. My aim was, as I stated, to "cut out the dead wood" from the dusty mass of the Tennysonian laurel clump, and to draw attention to his lyrical genius and to the true nature of his character. To Byron I was attracted, not only by personal sympathy, not merely by my own love of Greece, but also by the fact that the centenary of his death was rapidly approaching. Such, in so far as I can judge, were the motives which propelled me.

Yet if one is to say anything useful about this "choice of subject," mention must be made, not merely of the subjects chosen, but above all of those rejected. For several months, for instance, I accumulated material and wasted heavy hours in a desire to write a biography of Pope. I abandoned the project since I found, as I came to know Pope more intimately, that he was, as a character, profoundly distasteful to me. There were but few points of sympathetic contact. On another occasion I started upon a biography of Anselm. Here again I abandoned the attempt, yet on this occasion it was not incompatibility of temper that deterred me, but lack of adequate knowledge. I realized that my ignorance of scholasticism rendered it impossible for me to write a life of any eleventh century Archbishop. A similar lack of topical knowledge prevented me from embarking recently upon a life of Benjamin Jowett,—a man with whom I had many contacts but not that essential one with the religious temperament of 1858.

What, therefore, has all this to do with choice of subject, with "truth" and "personality"? It has this to do. The biographer may decide on his subject either from personal predilection or owing to external circumstances. He will at once be brought up against the problems of "the whole truth" and "unpleasant sides of personality." Should he feel personally hostile, or unsympathetic, to his subject he will not resolve these problems in terms of a work of art. The distaste which he feels for his subject may not cause him to violate the canons of truth and personality, but it will certainly induce him to violate the canons of art. He will incline, that is, to prefer the sensational to the integral. My rule, therefore, upon this vital question of choice of subject is "Never write a biography about anyone whom you personally dislike or from whose mental and topical atmosphere you are sundered either by prejudice or lack of knowledge."

Having chosen a congenial subject, the next step is one of study or research. It is a question of method. My own method is invariable. First, I buy an enormous notebook strongly bound. Secondly, I obtain from the library, or purchase for myself, the most comprehensive textbook upon my subject which I can find. I then number the pages of my notebook and prepare an index at the beginning. I then take the dates of birth and death of my hero and write out a table at the end showing exactly what age he had reached in any given year. Having done this, I start to summarize my textbook. The first page will be headed "heredity," the third "parents and childhood," the fifth "school and early influences," and so on throughout the man's career. On page 50 or so of the notebook will start the sections on character, which in their turn will be carefully indexed. Thus, page 50 might be headed "epileptic tendency," page 51 "ambition," page 53 "selfishness," page 55 "sense of humor, lack of," and so on. All entries from the main textbook must be made in black ink: the right hand page is folded in half, leaving the left hand page a blank. By the time the main textbook has been annotated in this manner, the majority of the right hand pages will be filled if not with material, then at least with headings. The temptation to shirk these notes by taking them in the form of references must strongly be resisted. It is a mistake, for instance, to write on page 73 of one's notebook "for good story about his drinking see Havelock Vol II page 353." Conversely, it is also a mistake to omit references which may be required later. The Havelock story must be summarized in your notebook and the salient passages quoted in inverted commas. At the end of the passage must appear the reference "Havelock, Vol II, page 353." Only by such industrious methods can the material be properly digested, since, when, at a later stage, you begin actually to write the book, a mere reference will convey nothing to you, whereas to have to look up that reference a second time is a duplication of labor. Your main notebook must contain all the undigested material of the final work: it must not contain mere references to pages in other books.

Having read the main textbook, you must then purchase or acquire all the other books on the subject. According as you read these, you must insert the passages you may require to use on the right hand page of your notebook. If you have folded that page in half you will be able to insert the additional information exactly opposite the relevant passage from the main textbook. Having read all the published works upon your subject you then enter a further stage—that of original research.

If you are writing a biography of someone long dead this will be a delightful and impersonal labor. But if you are dealing with a man whose friends and relations are still alive you will be involved in difficulties. On the one hand is the desire to obtain hitherto unpublished material. On the other hand there is the conflict which will arise between "personal obligation" and truth. Let me define what I mean by "personal obligation." When writing my book on Tennyson, for instance, I was offered the opportunity of obtaining from Tennyson's son many unpublished papers. Knowing the religious veneration which the second Lord Tennyson retained for the memory of his father I rejected this opportunity. I was aware, in the second place, that were I to accept such material I should be placing myself under a "personal obligation" to the family of the deceased and would in common decency be precluded from saying anything which might cause them pain. I solemnly warn the intending biographer against this common danger of his profession.

Another danger of research in the biography of the recently dead is the unreliability of human evidence. Much of one's information must of necessity be derived from oral evidence. Such evidence is often confidential and seldom trustworthy. When the book is published, other people write to the press accusing you of inaccuracy. Your only reply is to quote your authorities, who all too often refuse to be quoted. All oral evidence, even when it comes from your subject himself, must if possible be checked by reference to others.

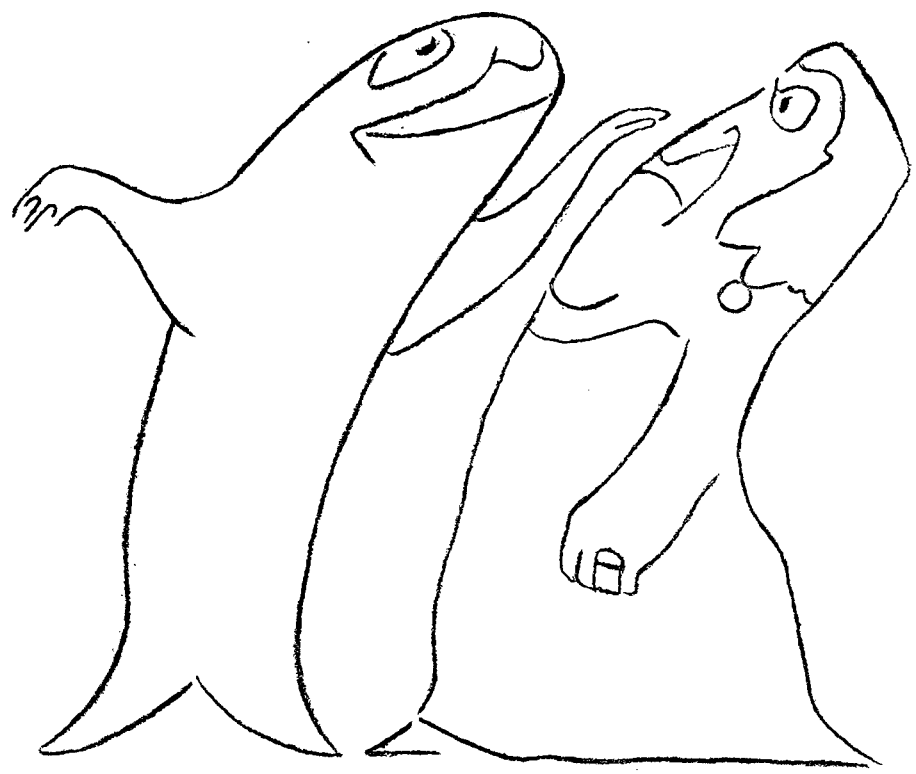
Having completed your notebook, having read all published books and gathered all available evidence, the next thing to do is to take a short holiday. That holiday must be spent in visiting the localities identified with the subject of your biography. This delightful pilgrimage must always be deferred until the last moment. Only after you have amassed all possible information is it profitable to visit the scene of your drama. Any premature visit leads to subsequent regret. If you have journeyed prematurely from Cleveland to Aberdeen, it is irksome, on returning to Ohio, to come across a book which gives you a whole new aspect of the Aberdeen period. No biography should ever be written unless the author has personally visited the places he describes; yet no biographer should visit these places until he has read and digested all possible material. His journey should be the breathing-space between the period of research and the period of writing.

On his return from this pilgrimage the biographer should settle down to his book. His first act will be to reread his notebook (which by that date should be a bulging portmanteau containing endless loose leaves inserted in their proper place and secured by a huge external band) and to block out the headings of his several chapters. He then starts to write—and from that moment I have no further advice to give him.

Such have been the methods which I

A Friendly Soul

By CLARENCE DAY



HE'S a friendly soul and he longs to please;
His sins, he is sure, are venial;
And he's trying to put her quite at her ease
By being extremely genial.
She does seem cold,
But he means no harm.
His jokes are old
But his heart is warm.
So he clacks his tongue and he racks his brain,
And her sniffs and snubs are all in vain.

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have invariably followed. There is one question which remains. "How far," they ask me, "do your own books correspond to your philosophy of life and your view of history?" That is a question which it is impossible to answer. I should be much distressed were I to feel that my philosophy of life had become rigid and recognizable. That would indeed imply the arterio-sclerosis of later middle age. I should hesitate even to claim for myself a rigid view of history. Perhaps this very fluidity of conviction implies an attitude towards life, or at least a state of mind. If there be any recurrent thesis in my biographical work I suppose it is this: "Human error is a constant, and not an incidental, factor in history. Everybody is an ass sometimes, and most people are asses all the time. Human will power is an intermittent factor, and history has been made more frequently at moments when people had no idea what they wanted than at those rarer moments when some individual wanted something definite. We are all straws upon the stream: yet if one observes those straws they do not all behave in exactly the same manner." Were I to define my philosophy of history I should, I suppose, define it in some such terms.

"But what," you will say, "is the stream?" And to that I answer: "I have no idea whatsoever; I know only that it is there. And the more interesting straws behave in a manner different from that adopted by the less interesting straws. My passion for biography arises from a desire to examine that difference."

First Modern Soldier

(*Continued from first page*)

plunder, but strictly for the advantage of the state.

Around the squat, ugly figure of the Breton professional soldier, legends began to cluster early. He was so ugly that his mother could not bear the sight of him, and, though the eldest son of an aristocratic family, he was brought up by servants, as uncouth as a wild beast. Strange dreams announced his birth, and an old nun prophesied his future greatness. He passed his boyhood in organizing the peasant lads in mimic war, the same lads who later followed him to glory. A mere raw youth, he entered a great tournament in disguise and defeated all comers, being recognized only when he refused to raise his lance against his father. His early career was full of heroic exploits and daring stratagems, half Percival, half Robin Hood. Some of the anecdotes which adorn the pages of his earliest chroniclers may be true; others are suspiciously reminiscent of the romances of chivalry and the folk tales of Brittany. So, by the romantic imagination of the contemporaries, the first modern soldier was transformed into the figure of the last knight errant.

Both the recent biographies of Bertrand du Guesclin here reviewed make a very full use of the legends of the hero. Both of them treat his career in about the same proportions, giving as much space to the dubious early exploits as to the well authenticated later campaigns and repeating most of the same anecdotes of the early chroniclers. Neither author has always hesitated to fill in the gaps in our knowledge with conjecture, though in this Miss Coryn is much the worse offender. She tells us what Bertrand thought and felt and a good deal more about his relations to his wife than the chroniclers record. Partly because it is freer of this sort of padding and consequently shorter and better balanced, partly because it is somewhat more critical and scholarly, M. Vercel's biography of Bertrand seems the better book. It suffers, however, from a clumsy literalness of translation which impedes its flow and sometimes distorts its meaning. "Lance," as in the phrase "two hundred lances"—*i. e.*, two hundred men-at-arms, the steel-clad heavy cavalry, each man-at-arms accompanied by several light armed auxiliary soldiers—is regularly translated "lancers," a meaningless term in its context. The tactics referred to on page 220 are those of Hannibal at Cannæ; they have nothing to do with the city of Cannes. Neither of the two biographies is flawless. Both are clear, popular treatments of the life of the hero.

Portrait of a Nation

THE CHINESE: Their History and Culture. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. 1934. $7.50.

Reviewed by L. CARRINGTON GOODRICH

HERE, at long last, is a history of China in English not to be ashamed of. For decades we have needed just such a work, and various attempts have been made to fill the gap, but without much success. Either they were too thin, like Dr. Latourette's own "Development of China" which was the best of the lot; or they displayed very faulty knowledge of the hydra-headed sources of Chinese history; or they were extremely uneven, giving disproportionate attention to one period of China's turbulent past; or they frankly treated but one fragment of the story and left the rest to another hand. Dr. Latourette has patiently explored these writings together with the generally far more significant monographs and incidental researches, many of them buried away in obscure journals, of scholars the world over, and presented us with a rounded, well documented, skilfully appraised survey of Chinese civilization in some 850 pages.

Perceval Yetts of London wrote once, in a review of an earlier attempt by two Americans to cover the history of China, that we would never get very far in such writing until each one of the twenty-five

THE TEMPLE OF HONAN
From an original sketch by Thomas Allom.

voluminous dynastic histories were translated into a European tongue with all the appropriate apparatus of prolegomena and critical commentary. But even such an enormous piece of work—essential as it is—would not complete the task. There would still remain the histories of special states, the unorthodox histories, particular histories, gazetteers, official documents, diaries, treatises on administration, law, geography, religion, the fine arts, etc., etc., almost without end. A most discouraging outlook, although brave attempts are being made this very year to conquer one or two of these obstacles. Until that great day some generations hence when all this body of knowledge is readily available, what we need is an occasional synthesis of existing information, expertly documented, with Chinese characters indicated for all doubtful names and expressions. The French have such a book in René Grousset's "Histoire de L'Extrême-Orient." Now we are provided, even more adequately for China alone, in the two volumes under review.

The first volume gives us in condensed form not only the political course of Chinese history from stone age times down to 1933, but as well running comment on advances (and retreats) in art, literature, philosophy, science, and social institutions. The second volume provides a series of essays on the life and achievements of the people, the whole capped by two indices and a map. It is a joy to this reviewer to find the myths of origin handled as the stuff of legend, rather than made to explain the shadowy beginnings of the first Chinese; a pleasure, too, to find the entrance of Buddhism on the Chinese scene explained other than by the long outworn story about the dream of a Han emperor. Professor Latourette, indefatigable bibliographer as he has been dubbed, has read too widely to permit of such oft repeated errors.

If any general fault may be found with the author's treatment it is that, like a model Confucian, he travels too much down the middle of the road. Often he makes us aware of radical departures from widely accepted interpretations of China's past, only to dismiss them as unproved or improbable. One occasionally wishes he were more daring. For instance, he notes that possibly the divination bones discovered near Anyang were of Chou dynasty origin. Surely enough proof has been educed to put them unquestionably in the twelfth century B.C. or earlier. Similarly he is somewhat skeptical of the existence of bronzes prior to the Chou, and hesitates to put sculpture in the round back of the third century before our era. Let him examine the reports of the excavations in Honan of the last four years, commenced under the auspices of the Freer Gallery and carried through by the Academia Sinica. Conservatism in this rather virgin field is, however, a good fault.

There are a few minor sins of commission and omission. Dr. Latourette describes the bronzes made under the Chou as finer than those of an earlier period (if the Shang indeed ever fashioned any). There are at least two first rate authorities, one western and one Chinese, who think the Shang superior and have said so in print. This might at least have been mentioned. No notice is taken of the introduction during the middle of the first millennium B.C. of coined money. This must have had a profound and disintegrating effect, as it did in Greece about the same century, on the old aristocratic system, since it made possible the acquisition of wealth in some other form than in the soil, bringing about, as one student has written, "the rise of a class of nouveaux riches who could buy up, and probably often did buy up, the old landed aristocracy, lock, stock, and barrel." Han Fei Tzu and Wei Yang were not the first to suggest the idea of burning books and archives, thus getting rid of uncomfortable thoughts and precedents. It was probably a custom common among the ruling houses, for Mencius remarks that many of the princes had done this very thing before his day. Iron was surely not carried westward in the first or second centuries A.D. from the Chinese frontier to Rome. As the author himself concedes, only goods of small bulk and weight were so transported. Finally, there is no mention of the largest collective effort in literary compilation ever engaged in, possibly, by any people—the "Ssu K'u Ch'uan Shu"; nor of its accompanying Catalogue, which is a vade mecum to every scholar.

But these tiny spots detract but little from the great portrait which the author has drawn. It deserves a place in every gallery dealing with the Chinese. I for one recommend it unhesitatingly.

L. Carrington Goodrich is lecturer in Chinese at Columbia University.

A Synthesis of New Perspectives

THE HORIZON OF EXPERIENCE. By C. C. Delisle Burns. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

THIS book belongs to that small library which the professional philosopher can respect and which should prove genuinely educative for the common reader. It breaks no really new ground, though it has much to say of ground only recently broken. It is a fine piece of what the French call *vulgarization* (a much less vulgar business than the thing that goes by the name of popularization, especially of philosophy, in America). It is a civilized book for the civilized but not specialized reader, and it should enhance the cultivation of the specialist. It is marked for one thing by that wonderful (though I be slain as an Anglophile for saying it) union of dignity and colloquial ease, of literary background and robust common sense, which seem to come to flower for all sorts of reasons in England.

Mr. Burns is interested in an analysis of "experience," and a philosophy relevant to experience as it comes to us shaped at once by the traditions and materials of the past and the "horizon" toward which experience at any time is especially directed. There is, he points out, a rhythm of attention in the history of thought, directed at certain times to the assimilation of new factors in experience, at others, to the formulation of acquired experience. The Greeks, the medievals, and the nineteenth century were, on the whole, engaged in formulating acquired experience, which is to say, making a synthesis. We are now in a third period of assimilation of new factors. "The modern mind has again an acute sense of the horizon."

It is this sense of the horizon that Mr. Burns tries to analyze in the fields [illegible] religion, science, and social life. P[illegible] phy is, or should be in our age, a sy[illegible] of the new perspectives opening those regions of human enterprise. He makes clear how much science is the exploration of new hypotheses and the formulation of untried possibilities. He indeed identifies the method of science at its most fruitful with that of art at its most disciplined and imaginative. Art, for him in a double sense, constitutes a horizon. For in art new values are always being broached and made incarnate, and in modern art there are unprecedented intimations of hitherto undreamed of values, and radical innovations in the technique and possibility of their realization. This "subconscious" now so much a theme of literature was a world of value hitherto beyond the horizon of art, and there are experimental forms which have only recently swept into our ken.

In morals and religions, finally, there is in recent feeling and thinking a growing sense of new horizons. Morality is not a completed and finished system of rules, to be applied, but a form of art. The old syntheses have broken down, and there are hints and urgings toward a new union of discipline and freedom which imply for their realization a new and collective social order whose form is hardly as yet surmised. In respect to religion, there is much the same situation. Conscious modernism is less important than the breakdown of the old certainties. "Religion is a kind of art; religions differ not as better or worse (Mr. Burns might also have said as true or false) but as different angles of vision." The glamour, poetry, and insight of the old tradition are themselves impediments to newer ways of thinking in religion. But even religion is turning from God as a substance with attributes to the notion of a progressive movement toward an ideal. It is the cosmic poetry of the growth and clarification of human aspiration.

Mr. Burns's book is marked by a gratifying awareness of the materials of art, science, religion, and simple human feeling out of which the materials of philosophy must in the first and perhaps in the last instance come.

Irwin Edman is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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We Are On Our Way

Criticism proceeds by simplifications, though it is destroyed by oversimplification. One who studies an age or a tendency must shake the dice again and again, in the hope of rolling out a lucky number which explains what hitherto has been confused. No one set of generalizations serves; each new philosophy of literature must have its own categories, and even the most elementary distinctions in an era of change may be of use.

Thus in American writing of the time that is still the present or the immediate past for readers of middle age, certain broad and interlocking purposes begin to emerge as significant by contrast to the new interests, new purposes, which are so vigorous if so confusing in the thirties of our century. It may be said with at least sufficient truth that narrative engrossed the nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century; description the nineteen tens and twenties; and a search for new values the years since the great boom burst.

There must be many not yet old who remember the fascinated pleasure of the best American writers of the nineties in the neatness, the grace, the agility of narrative. Substance was of little importance so long as it was pleasing, expression was everything, and the short-story writer who could deal his cards to a grand slam with never a hesitancy in the playing felt that he had attained Art. Short stories were mechanical in their construction then, but it was the mechanics of fresh invention; and if mechanics in the novel were not fresh, at least they were confident. Form was an ideal, which promised the highest success. To do it beautifully was the ambition of both journalist and the worshipper of preciosity. When we grow less serious some of those *jeux d'esprits* of fiction (fewer of poetry) will come to their own again. There is more to be said for H. C. Bunner and Richard Harding Davis than the realists will admit.

Then came that subtle change in the American mind which marked the second coming-of-age of our writers (the first was local, in New England). Description of an America which the narrative playboys had only sipped from, like butterflies, became the fashion for writers of real ambition. The short story descended to the popular magazine, the romantic novel headed toward the movies of the future, Dreiser, Lewis, and all that tribe began the painstaking description of the American scene, sometimes photographic, sometimes satiric, but always inspired by the new accuracy required by social science, and the faith in the potency of fact which was an article in materialism. The realism of the tens, which became the naturalism or the satiric mimicry of the twenties, was essentially descriptive. The story was no longer important, the characters as personalities were not important, description, supposedly accurate and certainly far closer to behavior than anything we ever had before, was the ideal. And description of this kind is still, though in decadence, the earmark of the serious American novel.

But only an earmark. It is quite clear that for some time now we have been living in a different intellectual climate. The proletarian novels and plays, usually Marxian, are enough to prove it. Not because they are Marxian; that, since no political compulsion has as yet borne down upon American literature, is merely an evidence that the new writer is no longer content with description. He is searching (in poetry, in the drama, in the essay, in fiction) for a new view of living. He is experimenting with philosophies because, like the community at large, of which he is merely the sensitized disk and voice, he is newly concerned with values in an age when most ways of living, most ideals of living, most conceptions of success, are suspect or condemned. It was Babbitt who in the twenties said that he had never done anything he really wanted to do in his life. But that was at the end of his book; his lament was the conclusion, not the theme, of that great novel of satiric description. The new American writers (and we hazard a prophecy with more confidence than usual) are already concerned, and will soon be committed, to values, esthetic, social, perhaps moral most of all, and will be indifferent to either story or description until new imaginative conceptions of values in living become emotionally powerful and are ripe for a perfected art. Toward this goal the intellectualist poetry of an Eliot, the traditionalist studies of a Cather, the Marxian frameworks (so stiff and unreal) of the proletarianists, the poetry of industrialism of a MacLeish, and even the humors of *The New Yorker*, all are moving. To say nothing of parallel instances of even greater point in the literature of Europe. What form the new literature will take depends upon the talents that go into it. But we are on our way.

After two years of research the laboratory of the American Foundation for the Blind has perfected the process by which Talking Books, and their reproducer, the reading machine, have been developed. The first group of these books will be ready for circulation in the twenty-four libraries having departments for the blind in the near future. The books have been selected by a committee appointed by the Library of Congress for the purpose, and their publication and distribution by the Library made possible by the use of a part of the Federal appropriation of $100,000 yearly for books for the blind. In addition to the four Gospels and the Psalms, six patriotic documents, and three plays by Shakespeare, the first list of books includes five books of fiction, "As the Earth Turns," by Gladys Hasty Carroll, E. M. Delafield's "Diary of a Provincial Lady," Kipling's "The Brushwood Boy," Masefield's "The Bird of Dawning," and P. G. Wodehouse's "Very Good, Jeeves." New titles will be added continually. The research was underwritten by the Carnegie Corporation and philanthropic individuals.

"WE'RE ALL OUT OF 'THE THIN MAN.' WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN 'CORRECTIVE EATING'?"

To the Editor: *A Challenge to Austenites; The Lincoln-Beecher Story*

A Call for Janeites

SIR:—I always read with very great pleasure the notes on Holmesiana and the doings of the Baker Street Irregulars that appear from time to time in the Bowling Green. I want to suggest that you offer an opportunity in your columns for another literary group to chat together. The people I refer to are the Janeites. Does such a society exist in any organized form outside Kipling's story? If so, I feel an urgent need for communication with it. I have *just finished a periodical rereading of* Jane Austen's works, and I found among my particular circle of friends none who could even adequately appreciate my enthusiasm, far less enter into various speculations that this reading had engendered in my mind. Of two people to whom I mentioned "Pride and Prejudice," one had read neither it nor any of the others, and the other (this will scarcely be believed!) had started but never finished it. Therefore I turn to you.

I suggest a few of the questions I should like to have answered. Have others arrived, as I have, at the conclusion that the bilious fever, of which Mrs. Tilney died so suddenly, would in these days have been diagnosed as appendicitis? What is the rest of the charade, "Kitty, a fair but frozen maid"? How many of Jane's adorers know the passage on p. 102 of "All Trivia" where Pearsall Smith expresses so perfectly what they must all feel?

Couldn't you encourage some such exchange of thought among the Janeites such as that enjoyed by the Baker Street Irregulars? While the latter read Clark Russell, and discuss Holmes's religion, couldn't we write of our meetings with contemporary Mrs. Bennets or Admiral Crofts, or make pledges to eat fricasseed sweetbreads and a little well-boiled asparagus on December 16th?

ELIZABETH FRY.

Oakmont, Pa.

Beecher and Lincoln

SIR:—In your otherwise admirable review of my book, "Saints, Sinners and Beechers," published in the *Saturday Review* of May 5th, I take exception to your statement that I am not a critical historian because I related the story of Lincoln calling upon Henry Ward Beecher "one dark and stormy night in 1862."

Had I stated this episode as a fact you would most certainly have been justified in accusing me of being uncritical. As a matter of fact, I stated that "this story has been affirmed and denied by an approximately equal number of reliable persons," and I further stated that "it seems to me to accord with both Lincoln's informality and his shrewd sense that he should have sought opportunity for an undisclosed talk with such a powerful moulder of public opinion."

In other words, I specifically admitted that the episode is not authenticated, but since the evidence, for and against it, seemed to me approximately equal, I felt justified in expressing as my personal opinion that it did occur. While you have certainly a perfect right to disagree and hold the opinion that it did not occur, it doesn't seem to me that you can justly accuse me of being uncritical in this matter. Also it seems to me that you should have stated that I did not assert the episode as a fact.

May I take this opportunity to thank you for the excellence of your review in general? I particularly liked its opening. No other reviewer, so far as I know, called attention to the climactic year, 1852, in the Beecher family.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.

New York City.

Nolte's Page Numbers

SIR:—A few weeks ago I read the review of the reprint of "The Memoirs of Vincent Nolte" which appeared in the *Saturday Review*. In the course of that article, note was made of the fact that the table of contents did not always agree with the paging of the text.

The Brooklyn Public Library has three copies of the American edition bearing the date of 1854. One of these copies agrees in the number of pages with the reprint recently issued with an introduction by Burton Rascoe. Examination would indicate that this is a second edition of the book, although it was published with the same date as the edition which is apparently the first.

What I take to be the first edition has several pages which were apparently added after the book was in type. For example, on reaching page 218, the compositor uses a star to designate additional pages which run to page 225 and then goes back again to page 218. The result is that the last page of the first edition is No. 476 instead of 484.

One must assume that in a second printing the proper pagination was given without going to the trouble of correcting the paging in the table of contents.

MILTON J. FERGUSON.

Brooklyn Public Library
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Western Literary Messenger

SIR:—I am preparing to write a history of the *Western Literary Messenger*, a magazine published in Buffalo, N. Y., in the "fabulous forties" and the "feverish fifties" of the last century. My father, Jesse Clement, was connected with the magazine, first as a contributor and then as editor. I shall be very much obliged to any one who can give me information concerning material, especially in the form of letters. There are incomplete files of the magazine available here and there; but the early volumes (I-IV) are scarce. Any information bearing directly or indirectly upon this subject will be gratefully received.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

162 Bellmore St.,
Floral Park, N. Y.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

BREATHE UPON THESE SLAIN. By EVELYN SCOTT. *Smith & Haas.* A saga of a family built about family portraits.

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS. By TATIANA TCHERNAVIN. *Dutton.* The experiences of a Russian woman who suffered imprisonment at the hands of the Soviets.

THE MONEY MUDDLE. By JAMES P. WARBURG. *Knopf.* Discussion of the money and banking situation.

This Less Recent Book:

DARK HAZARD. By W. R. BURNETT. *Harpers.* The story of a gambler.

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Theirs Not to Reason Why

OUT OF CHAOS. Translated from the Russian of Ilya Ehrenbourg by Alexander Bakshy. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

UNLESS the reader is fairly well acquainted with revolutionary Russia and its writing, he may well find Ehrenbourg's new novel a bit heavy going. It isn't so much composed as spattered on the page. The chaos of the subject is echoed in the writing. All sorts of allusions and contrasting points of view, objective statements and subjective moods, tumble after one another pell-mell, in what amounts frequently to a sort of literary shorthand. The author, himself a more or less rootless emigré, who has been both in and out of revolutionary

ILYA EHRENBOURG

Russia, physically and in spirit, and is now back in Paris again, has sometimes been pictured as dashing off his chapters, as the mood struck him, at café tables, between drinks. The writing sounds like it.

The welter of characters, which go jostling and grinding past, like ice in a spring freshet, center about Kuznetsk and the feverish building of a "Giant"—a huge steel-plant. Old Bolsheviks and young communist shock-troops, dispossessed kulaks, wrecks of the old bourgeoisie, Kirghese, Kalmucks, Tartars, Buriats, American engineers, unemployed miners from Westphalia and Silesia, dreamers, swindlers, girl teachers and librarians, goodness knows what, help to make up the crowd. There are something like two hundred and twenty thousand of them, working day and night, with the desperate intensity of an advancing army digging themselves in close to the enemy's front.

Russia needs iron. Everything else—individual desires or preferences, theories, questionings, all that is irrelevant—goes down before that. This categorical imperative, and the exaltation of those who completely accept it and are convinced that they are building a new and better order, emerge finally from the confusion which gives the novel its title as a sort of pattern and sustained viewpoint.

Hero and heroine, in so far as there are any, are represented by a young worker, Kolka Rzhanov, and a young schoolteacher, Irina Koreneva. Big, good-natured, clear-headed, hard-fisted Kolka is a sort of symbol of the best side of the Revolution—of its youth, hope, energy, simple faith in the ultimate goodness of its new world. (There are, or were, plenty of Kolkas in the pioneer settlements and boom-towns of our own country, but possibly that is beside the point.) Both young people find firm footing and free air in the Revolution; love and life.

Volodia Safanov, whose feverish soliloquies on this and that throughout the book serve to express the intellectual's comments on the Revolution, is the traditional "student" of Russian novels and plays, carried down into the present generation. He is of the Hamlet type, unable to plunge wholeheartedly into any sort of action, destined to make trouble for himself and everybody with whom he comes in contact. Once Volodia planned a little speech to deliver at one of the evening discussions of "culture." As he got to his feet something outside of himself took hold of him.

> "There is a kind of knowledge," he said, "which condemns us to inaction—I know it well: it is a dead knowledge. To build a plant one must know something; that is another kind of knowledge, exact and limited. What you are striving for is spring water. I'll tell you frankly: you know very little. But already you know a great deal more than those French students with their diplomas and their Boul' Mich. I am not comparing programs. I am speaking of their attitude toward knowledge. They know this and that. The important thing for them is to take a place in a life already made, whereas you want to create this life. For this reason what is important for you is knowledge as such. Can there be any doubt with which of the two lies the future?" . . .

Volodia could talk and feel that way for a moment, but the next moment his doubts and questionings, all the ill-digested inheritance from that "dead" culture taken from "Them," began crawling and messing about in his mind like so many worms. He could do nothing, really. He was doomed—in love, life, everything, a useless person.

Kolka and Irina, on the other hand, worked, laughed, and drove straight ahead. Theirs not to reason why. It was all quite simple. The Giant was their job, and Russia needed iron. How different their unconscious ideology may be from that of our own, or indeed of any other pioneers, faced with immediate concrete tasks that simply have to be done, might be an interesting question for discussion, which so far as Ehrenbourg's novel as a work of fiction goes, is, as already remarked, beside the point.

The Narrow House

(*Continued from first page*)

at the close of the last century to near wealth during the World War. This family represents, I think, the so-called "norm" established by middle-class society in England and America. Here we see the stuffy Victorian interior: heavy plush and satin clothed furniture and dead birds (given a dubious immortality by the skill of taxidermists), in life-like sleep under glass bells. Through locked doors and windows one hears the slow roaring of the sea. This near past, extending through the reigns of Victoria, Edward, and the present George, seems, because of its outmoded proximity, more distant than any other period in history. To go into the lives of the people is very like wandering among the ashes of old Rome, and though some may still survive in flesh, the world that gave them a confident excuse for being is now an edifice half destroyed by premature decay. It will be observed that even in Mrs. Scott's remarkable first novel, "The Narrow House," the social structure that she revealed was on the point of ruin, and so again we see the signs of ruin here.

EVELYN SCOTT
From a portrait by Francis Criss

The photographs disclose the entire company of Courtneys: Philip and Fedelia, father and mother of the household; Bertram the son, Tilly who died young, Ethel, Meg, and Cora, the daughters. See again Philip, the successful man of business, portly, middle-aged; wistful, inarticulate, inept at home; brutal, arrogant, and by no means scrupulous in business hours. Fedelia, his wife, carries her domestic, blind, harsh virtues before her as one might hold a banner. She rules the house as Philip rules his office and her drive toward power, clearly shown, is as destructive as every human reach toward earthy power becomes; blindly, she maims her children. The weaker variations of Philip and Fedelia are the children: the highly sensitized Tilly, a family sacrifice, to become a symbol of childhood death for Courtneys, then Ethel, nervous, ecstatic, trapped in marriage to a commissioned naval officer, then shallow Cora, then ugly Meg doomed to neurotic spinsterhood, and last, ineffectual Bertram who was to be the family hero, fulfilling his destiny by death on the battlefield of the Somme. Ethel in trapped rebellion and Bertram, closeted by an all too-conscious despair, are the central figures in the latter sections of the novel. Ethel's sons are citizens of the new world, the material out of which fascists and communists are made and their speeches are the means by which an epilogue is written.

So much for the particular range that Mrs. Scott has chosen for this latest novel, but on reading it one sees again the inner structure that was implied in "The Narrow House." One may even go so far as to identify a similar cast of characters, but this detail is not important. It is the theme at the core of the two books that commands attention, a theme that reveals how human beings are trapped in their own toils, as inevitably, as fatally as Macbeth caught in the maze that surrounded his immediate ambitions. The story is an old one, and how then does Mrs. Scott make it significant to us and to our times? In "The Narrow House" a rapid insight into human motives guided her way. It was a violent book, written with such conviction, that admitting certain flaws, its publication promised the arrival of an important novelist. Here, I would say, Mrs. Scott's prose instrument lacked the flexibility required for her more subtle observations, for what she has to say will admit no facile means of speech and to drive her point home, a number of specific instances must be placed before her readers. For the most part, she has selected her examples from American life and revealed them in the light of melodrama. I know that I am oversimplifying her statement when I say that her people are trapped and thwarted by the demands of sex, of money, of a transitory position in society. One must read the novels as one reads poetry, to get the full impact of Mrs. Scott's argument. In this last book she no longer turns to a melodramatic statement of her thesis and the result is that of subdued lyricism, an elegy, if you will, of a society that is now about to die. The danger that Mrs. Scott sees in the new order is that mistaken confidence that human beings have in the victories of material power, that very power which breeds ambition and then frustrates its final gratification. Her warning to the younger communists is that they too may fall into the narrow house that holds the bones of their grandfathers, the Victorians who celebrated the hollow conquest of iron and of steel.

As I said at the beginning of this review, Mrs. Scott voices no final solution of the problems she presents to her critics. She, like the old philosopher who sought an honest man by carrying a lantern, is seeking for some ultimate expression of reality. Her novels represent the road she has traveled during the past twelve years. At this moment only a few, I think, will realize the full importance of that journey. From the evidence of this last book before me I doubt if Mrs. Scott will ever run to shelter; she will never relinquish, I think, her special power to observe the changing world. If I were looking for a parallel of this latest novel in modern literature I would be forced to reread Thomas Hardy and note again that courage to observe in human action the fatal end of earthly destiny.

Dilemma of a Poet

NOW WITH HIS LOVE. By John Peale Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. $2.50

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MR. BISHOP begins his book with what in the old days would have been called a "Proem," entitled appropriately enough, "Speaking of Poetry." The first lines disclose his dilemma:

> The ceremony must be found
> that will wed Desdemona to the huge Moor. . . .

and the last lines emphasize the difficulty:

> The ceremony must be found
> Traditional, with all its symbols
> ancient as the metaphors in dreams;
> strange, with never before heard music;
> until the torches deaden at the bedroom door.

This is not only Mr. Bishop's dilemma, it is the problem facing every modern poet:—to unite poetry, that delicate Desdemona, with Othello, the brute world of action; to fuse the old associations and the traditional images ("ancient as the metaphors in dreams") with a new inflection, an unused idiom, "strange, with never before heard music."

Unfortunately, Mr. Bishop, in company with many others, cannot quite accomplish this longed for union. Like most of his confrères, he has a stock of the traditional harmonies as well as a choice assortment of the latest dissonances, but he cannot integrate them in a complete composition or "ceremony." The traditional and the experimental, the brilliant and the banal, the ecstatic and the sordid are placed side by side, but they will not mix; Mr. Bishop assembles his varied effects, shuffles them, translates them into many shapes, juggles classic mythology and private allegory—but he does not fuse them. The reader is too conscious of other voices—chiefly Laforgue's and Eliot's—to be aware of Bishop's.

This is a pity, for, not quite submerged by other accents, there is a genuine and original voice here. When Mr. Bishop is not attempting to follow the *dernier cri* in poetics, when he is not so determined to pit the tawdry against the beautiful and exploit the trick of the incongruous, he writes recognizable, even traditional poetry. His best moments are not in the extended "October Tragedy" nor in the obviously ironic "Riviera"—Cummings in Three Easy Lessons—nor in the confused instrumentation of "Aliens" and "Martyrs' Hill"—Eliot *con sordino*—but in such straightforward pieces as "Wish in the Daytime," "Epithalamium," "Fiametta," "Metamorphosis of M," and "The Truth About the Dew."

The evidence seems to indicate that, in such lines, the subconscious poet triumphs over the conscious theorist. In spite of his conflicts and devices of contrast, Mr. Bishop has a few fine and direct things to say. They are not profound nor, as the blurb has it, exciting, nor even, for all the apparatus, novel. What he says best is what most poets have said: the loveliness of the beloved, the weariness and renewing wonder of the flesh, the impartial fecundity of death, hunger for the land of one's youth, the unappeasing spirit. And it is when he is simplest that he says these things most memorably. The verses which begin "I have seen your feet gilded by morning" are eloquent in their unaffected tribute, and the reader regrets that there are only two stanzas. The pair of faintly archaic quatrains beginning "When first my beloved came to my bed" would grace any anthology.

Such natural lyricism makes one regret the translations from the Provençal—pallid after the lusty paraphrases by Pound—and the selections from the Greek Anthology, bettered by Humbert Wolfe and a dozen others. Even more surprising are the lapses in style and tone, lapses which permit so sensitive a poet to write:

> Rheumatically intent shifts gears
> Unloosens joints of rustic years.

Such phrases represent Mr. Bishop at his worst, and they are anything but frequent. His best is very good indeed, and if it is not, as Archibald MacLeish has generously declared, "as sound as any in our generation," it has a sound—and solidity—of its own.

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"World Power or Downfall"

GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR. By Ewald Banse. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

"OUR next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and mankind. This will invest it with importance in the world's history. 'World Power or Downfall!' that will be our rallying cry." It is something more than two decades since General Friedrich von Bernhardi wrote these lines in a book that was shortly to provide the enemies of Germany with a weapon of incalculable effectiveness in that conflict which he forecast so confidently and so correctly.

> We are on the threshold of an iron age. For us it stands the sign of the Third Reich. . . . We want an empire in which we can once more profess ourselves German without fear of being sat on. . . . Mighty empires are not founded by treachery, deceit, or huckstering; they only grow out of the clang of swords. The Third Reich, as we dream it—from the Flanders Coast to the Raab, from Memel to the Adige and the Rhone—can also be born only in blood and iron.

Thus writes Professor Ewald Banse, twenty years later eagerly pressing into the hands of new prospective enemies the old advantages.

Now this Banse book, like the Bernhardi volume before it, will have various interpretations. Already the Germans, as in the case of Bernhardi, are rushing forward to discredit it officially by minimizing the importance of the author. They have, indeed, banned, but not burned it. They have protested that it is without real representative significance, although a dozen reputable authorities have testified to its use as a textbook and to the recognition that the Nazis have conferred upon its author.

But recognizing that if Germany goes to war anytime in the next decade this book will have a propaganda value for the enemy of incalculable magnitude, perceiving that it coolly proposes the extermination of the population of northern France, the extinction of the independence of Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, with Switzerland thrown in for good measure; that it foreshadows the invasion of England by allied German and Irish armies—Nazis and Patseys, I suppose, that it proposes also the mutilation of Poland and Italy, the colonization of Soviet Russia, let us for a moment dismiss these significant and even sensational details and look at the psychological import.

Accept, as one must, the obvious fact that Banse's book is a translation of Hitler's mystic vision into geography and strategy, what does it mean? Have the Germans gone mad? Surely they must see that such a program can only mean a new rallying of Old Europe to a fresh coalition for the defense of Continental independence. And, since, on the face of it, such a prospectus discloses delusions of grandeur, must one not assume that it is the expression of a handful, of the few who are demented? After all, what is Banse himself but a professor in an obscure technical school in a mere provincial town? But no, the truth has to be faced. Within the limits of their intellectual outlook this is what German leaders feel. They felt it before the World War, they have felt it tenfold more strongly following the mutilations of the Peace Treaties.

We are not facing here in Banse's book the question of self-determination. That could count in the matter of Austria, Czechoslovakia with its German minority, the Upper Adige with its German majority. Not even the Corridor and Upper Silesia enter largely into the question. On the contrary, what Banse does is to draw a map of Europe including all these territories which for political, economic, or strategic reasons seem to him essential to that Third Reich which Hitler promises. To be great, to be powerful, to be prosperous, Germany must have these things.

In the face of this dominant necessity, the same necessity without knowledge of law that Bethmann-Hollweg cited to defend the invasion of Belgium, the Dutch, the Belgians, the French of the North, the Danes, and the Swiss have no rights. They are in fact to be dealt with on the strength of the same principle of law which enables states to seize private property by right of eminent domain, when that property bars the way to public improvement. The French must be exterminated, the Slavs expelled, the Dutch, the Swiss, and the Danes violently assimilated.

Now what does all this mean? It isn't mere madness. Quite the contrary, if it were only that it would not be so profoundly disturbing. What it indicates is that the rulers and leaders of the contemporary Germany are satisfied that Germany cannot be a great country, in the sense that Russia, the United States, Japan, or the British Empire are world powers unless it has a vast territorial base. It must dominate Europe, as Hitler says, and never permit a second military power to rise on the Continent. It must have territory to settle its growing population, lest it suffocate.

Here you touch upon a conception entirely different from that of other peoples of the West—Italy perhaps excepted, and Mussolini renounces European expansion. British, French, American, do not think in terms of the conquest of territory, that is any longer. That phase in our existence is over. All three peoples, we are satisfied with what we hold.

Germany, on the other hand, has no colonies and now cannot hope to acquire beyond the seas lands satisfactory for white colonization. The Americas, South Africa, Australasia, these are closed definitely. Europe is the only place. That is what Hitler preaches, that is what Banse proclaims. The German people are a great race with a mighty mission. The doctrine of the Aryan and the Nordic is common to the Führer and to the Brunswick Professor who is his disciple. But so far the German people have been defrauded of their rightful place in the sun, their God-intended opportunity.

Twenty years ago, in the language of Bernhardi, Germany fought for world power or downfall and achieved the latter. But the result of defeat was not recognition of the impossibility of attaining the far-shining objective. Banse does not preach the mistakes of exaggerated ambition, which led nearly the whole world to take up arms against his country. He does not see that the Hohenzollern Empire, like the Napoleonic before it, fell at last because, in the language of Victor Hugo, "God got bored," because all other peoples before or during the war became effectively alarmed.

No, what Banse sees are only the incidental mistakes of German statesmanship and strategy; how a battle might have been won or an enemy kept out of the firing-line, as if it were Grouchy's blunder at Waterloo which actually cost Napoleon his empire. The supreme error that rallied the world against Germany, the colossal, all-comprehensive blunder of failing to perceive that the German conception in itself was irreconcilable with a world that could fight and did, that escapes him. And now he is prepared to start the whole thing over again. Better a smashed Germany and a shattered world than a Reich restricted to the limits of a mere European state, an equal among equals: "World Power or another Downfall," that is his text.

It is, too, the lesson being taught German youth by the Third Reich. Germany's right is the supreme law of the universe, that is, Germany's right expressed in the territorial terms I have cited. Here, of course, there is no question of revision of the Treaty of Versailles, no proposal simply for the return of lost provinces or surrendered colonies. That was the old Locarno dream, dead with Stresemann five years ago. This is a new Germany carved out of the living body of many states.

That is why "Nazi means War," as Leland Stowe has indicated in his recent and admirable book of that title. That is why with the rise of Hitler the League of Nations and all related machinery for maintaining peace by collective action collapsed. That is why the Disarmament Conference went into the discard. For there is and can be no basis of agreement with a people who make national rights, nationally defined, the sole measure of national policy. With a people who think in such terms, peace itself is only momentarily possible.

This is a terrifying book, but it is also an illuminating book. It should be read by all who even pretend to discuss European conditions. Indubitably it is also as prophetic as was Bernhardi's volume. It discloses a great people dominated by those whose delusion of grandeur attains proportions which defy exaggeration. It also indicates what it must mean for other peoples to live on the frontiers of Nazi Germany. Nor does it leave any doubt as to what such peoples will eventually do. In a word, it merely foreshadows a new chapter with the old ending.

Ways of Religious Life

CONVERSION: The Old and the New in Religion from Alexander the Great to Augustine of Hippo. By A. D. Nock. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by CAMPBELL BONNER

THE sub-title of this book is no useless appendage. Professor Nock is not concerned, as the title "Conversion" alone might indicate, with the emotional phenomena belonging to new and revolutionary religious experience, or to a change from one way of religious thought and feeling to another. He does not, it is true, overlook the tremendous effects which the impact of new religious ideas might produce upon the emotions of a responsive individual; but he views his subject more broadly. His task has been to examine the circumstances which led a group, a community, or even entire nations to adopt as their own forms of thought and worship and ways of life which were previously alien to them.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE AT MILAN
Painting by Frank Brangwyn

The upper time limit is significant. Before the time of Alexander new cults had passed from one Greek community to another, and foreign deities from northern and eastern lands had received a place in the worship of the state. At least one substantial monograph has been written about these "cult-transfers." A state believed that it could obtain some benefit from the favor of a deity previously unhonored, or it yielded to the partly political, partly hieratic influence of the Delphic oracle; or it responded to the pressure of a group of immigrants within its own boundaries, who desired official recognition for their particular divine patron. For the most part such arrangements involved nothing that could be called conversion. As Mr. Nock sensibly remarks about the introduction to Athens of the Thracian goddess Bendis, "There was in this nothing more revolutionary than there was in the introduction of the potato and tobacco into England from America." The religion of Dionysus and the Orphic movement were potential exceptions, held in check by the communal conservatism of the older Greece.

The significance of Alexander's conquests for religious history lay in the fact that they brought thousands of Greek soldiers, officials, and business men into daily contact with Oriental cults; and as the author shows, the good-natured tolerance of the Greek led these expatriates to seek in the alien gods somethings akin to their own, and eventually to worship them—often, doubtless, with a certain mental recoil from the more "barbaric" elements in the cult, and with some modifications in its actual practice. Thus the Greek spirit, too active and fertile to leave anything unaffected by its touch, Hellenized religions of Phrygian, Persian, Syrian, and Egyptian origin, and prepared the way for that "opposite current" of Oriental influence upon the Western world which Mr. Nock describes in his fourth chapter.

The reader will find much to fascinate him in the author's development of this theme. With a sure hand he traces the ways by which Eastern religious ideas penetrated the West, following the paths of trade, carried by soldiers from one end of the empire to the other, communicated by Oriental slaves to Roman masters. He skilfully analyzes the nature of the appeal made by the new cults to spirits swept from their moorings by great political and social changes, and shaken by storms of doubt as they faced a life of growing complexity and a world full of dangers and difficulties. To some, philosophy was the medicine of the soul, as Mr. Nock shows in a good chapter in "Conversion to Philosophy." But more and more still another Eastern religion, Christianity, adapted to Western minds by the interpretations of Greek apologists, and doctrinally based by the religious philosophy of Alexandria, claimed the allegiance of men in all parts of the empire, and in all walks of life. To explain its ultimate success with full command of the evidence, but in a spirit of calm detachment from controversy, is no mean feat. Mr. Nock has accomplished it admirably.

The book is full of learning, which the writer is wise enough not to thrust upon the reader's attention needlessly; the specialist will find a trustworthy guide to the evidence in the notes at the end. The style is in the main lucid and interesting; there are only a few places, chiefly in the third and fourth chapters, where one finds it a little hard to see the wood for the trees. This is a defect which goes with the excellent quality of conscientious fidelity to the evidence. Mr. Nock is dealing in these pages with fragmentary proofs, and in his anxiety to draw from them no more than is his right, he qualifies and inserts parentheses to a degree which somewhat mars the expository style. But broken gleams of natural light are better than the specious glare of artificial clarity.

Of actual slips there are very few. There is an odd case on p. 250 where an intrusive "other" seems to make the Chinese philosopher Mencius a Jesuit missionary. The book is beautifully printed; its form is a credit to its publisher, as its substance is a proof of the scholarship and ability of its author.

Campbell Bonner is a member of the Greek department of the University of Michigan.

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The Bowling Green

THE Bowling Green has been meaning for some time to turn a sod in honor of the 300th anniversary of our adopted State, Maryland. It was in the spring of 1634 that the first colonists entered Chesapeake Bay, aboard those worthy little ships the *Arke* and the *Dove*. Our own private gesture of homage consists in reprinting a photograph of an old house which stands not far from their first landing. It takes its name, "Charlesgift," from the mention of King Charles the First in the original title-deed to the property, and its oldest portion was built shortly after his death. It is not only one of the oldest homes in America but one of the most beautiful. We will not embarrass its owner by any closer identification, except to say that it is also the birthplace of one of our favorite detectives, the adorable Madame Storey.

Speaking of detectives, the always ingenious bookseller George Bates, of 5a Shepherd House, Shepherd Street, London, W.1, has issued a catalogue concisely entitled *Murder*. It is a list of books "illustrating the development of the Detective and Mystery Story," and it is dedicated "to that most lovable and egregious ass, My Dear Watson." The Gutenberg of detectives, remarks Bates, was the famous Frenchman Vidocq (1775-1875), and he offers for £20 a collection of over 60 original letters to and from Vidocq dealing with his cases in the 1830's and 40's. Are the *Memoirs of Vidocq* still in print? That's a book probably well worth reading.

Mr. Bates lists a long run of titles by Anna Katharine Green, going back as far as 1881. Comparative dates gleaned from this catalogue are interesting. Hornung's Raffles began his career in 1899. Arthur Morrison's Martin Hewitt dates back to '94. Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke to 1908 or thereabouts; Arsène Lupin to '09; A. E. W. Mason's Hanaud to 1910; Father Brown to 1911. Ernest Bramah's superb blind detective, Max Carrados, appeared in 1914. Mr. Bailey's Reggie Fortune is still quite a newcomer, 1920.

According to Bates two of the most popular detective romances from France are Gaston Leroux: *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* and Fortuné du Boisgobey: *The Crime of the Opera House*, neither of which we have read. One of the most difficult titles to find in an early printing is Fergus Humes's *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, published the same year as Doyle's *Study in Scarlet* (1887). The earliest copy in the British Museum is marked "225th Thousand"; the copy offered by Bates is marked "175th Thousand." Mr. Bates fears that these figures may have been printed on more or less at random by "The Hansom Cab Publishing Co." as a come-on.

Authors' feelings about their own books are often surprising. In one of the prefaces of the collected edition of his Works we find Conan Doyle speaking of "Professor Challenger, a character who has always amused me more than any other which I have invented." Surely he must, for the moment, have forgotten Brigadier Gerard.

Dyspepsia and Piety

SIR:—"Unofficial Observer's" remarks on the importance of good digestion in the careers of statesmen,—President Roosevelt's in particular—and your own interesting parallel drawn from the biography, *The Smith of Smiths*, by Hesketh Pearson, remind me of an article in the *Atlantic* entitled *The First of the Beechers* by Lyman Beecher Stowe. I presume it can now be found in the great-grandson's biography of the New England divine, *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers*.

Beecher, it appears, was troubled with acute dyspepsia to such an extent that he was forced to retire temporarily from continuous preaching. Evidently, one of his breakdowns caused him to regard poor digestion as well as its companion, costiveness, a veritable bête noir in its detrimental effect upon the dispositions of the members of his flock; for, I quote Mr. Stowe:

> This breakdown led him to develop what he called his "clinical theology," which, as he said, enabled him to distinguish in his penitents between "dyspepsia and piety." He amazed earnest inquirers at revival meetings by asking them, instead of the expected questions about their souls, how much exercise they took and whether their bowels moved regularly.

GEORGE W. FITZROY.

Provo, Utah.

Leonora in Chicago

Many readers remember Addison's delightful (and gently humorous) description of "A Lady's Library." In the person of Sir Roger De Coverley he gives us a glimpse of the books that a lady of quality, one Leonora, was reading in 1711.

I had long been hoping to persuade some modern Leonora to give us a truthful catalogue of her own private bookcase. Now Mistress R. D., a very contemporary young matron in Chicago, sends me an inventory of her favorite shelf. Here is her list, with her own comments:

The Town, by Leigh Hunt.
Milne's By Way of Introduction.
Portrait of a Lady, by Henry James Jr.
Over the River.
Oh King.
Sir Walter Scott's works.
Living Authors: a gardenia pressed between its leaves.
Hudson's Birds and Man.
Pater's Miscellaneous Studies.
Oxford Companion to English Literature.
A Collegiate Dictionary.
All Souls' Night.
How to Live on 24 Hours a Day.
Emerson's Essays.
Molière's Works in French (with dusty tops.)
War and Peace.
Ex Libris Carissimis.
Dr. Bundesen on Care of Babies.
A number of books by and about Lafcadio Hearn.
Poems by Wordsworth, bound in red and brown leather; a beautiful gift.
Boswell's Life of Johnson.
A set of British Essayists.
Intrigues and Gallantries of Christine at the Court of Rome.
Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures.
Gardener's Encyclopedia.
Saki's Chronicles of Clovis.
Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft (a precious first edition).
The New Testament.
Books by R. L. Stevenson.
Northanger Abbey.
Emily Dickinson's Poems.
Dr. Ames on Religion.
Money Contract.

Dr. Watson in French

The anonymous French author of *Les Aventures du Fils de Sherlock Holmes*, to which we alluded before, has entered with much understanding into the character of Doctor Watson. If the worthy doctor were to have emigrated to New York, and there become a fashionable practitioner, he would doubtless act and think much as described. Holmes, according to the French Autolycus, inherited a huge estate in Devonshire, where "he led the existence of a gentleman, divided between the care of his property and the education of his children." His oldest son, Sherlock Jr., graduated at 23 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in London and at 26 we find him, at his father's express desire, acting as assistant to Watson who holds a chair at the Post-Graduate Hospital in New York. But Watson also has a wealthy private practice and lives in solid comfort on West 57th Street. His patients are all members of "la haute société New-Yorkaise."

But old Watson finds Holmes Jr. very different from his austere and misogynist father. He is more than a little shocked by young Sherlock's luxurious quarters in an expensive bachelor apartment called the "Croyendon" on 43rd Street, near Fifth Avenue. Junior is the idol of the "Tenderloin," which our Frenchman explains is New York's region of gilded society. He has a box at the Opera, spends his vacations at Narragansett Pier, plays bridge "as skilfully as Elwell," drives a fast Panhard, collects sumptuous bibelots and modern French paintings, frequents the Waldorf, Sherry's, Shanley's, and Delmonico's. The period of the stories appears to be about 1910.

By an ingenious variation on the traditional situation, Dr. Watson suspects (with horror) that his assistant is guilty of the murder of Helen Clawson, a beautiful young governess found dead in a building contractor's shack on Central Park West. But by the aid of a couple of delightful young women from the Riverside telephone exchange, young Sherlock is able to show what actually happens. He proves not only his inherited acumen but also the value of a wide feminine acquaintance. His tall slender figure, pale aquiline face, and always elegant attire ("suivant son habitude le jeune dandie était en frac") are very attractive to ladies.

The three stories in this volume are considerably entertaining. One is bound to enjoy the mixed humor and simplicity of the French Watson. When a wealthy patient offers them champagne, he remarks "Je ne contrarie jamais mes malades. Je bus donc. Holmes, lui, oublia de boire; il ne sera jamais un médecin de famille."—And when one of Watson's lady invalids is in a low nervous state, he tells us that "Desiring to drive away sad thoughts from her mind, I set to work to tell her some of my best and most amusing stories of the clinic."

I wish the Publications Richonnier, 40 rue des Saints Pères, Paris, would tell us the author of these yarns; he must have visited New York at some time or other. Was more than one collection issued?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"CHARLESGIFT," BIRTHPLACE OF MME. STOREY.

Magic in the East

THE INVISIBLE INFLUENCE. By Alexander Cannon, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN MULHOLLAND

DR. ALEXANDER CANNON, a noted London physician and a Fellow of The Royal Geographic Society, recently made use of his knowledge of geography to find Tibet and, once there, discarded all science the better to study magic. His book about the trip is fascinating once the reader has plowed through the part in which the choice is given between being a believer in the impossible or a fool. In beginning his book by calling names, the learned Doctor shows his complete ignorance of showmanship, which is the backbone of all performances of magic.

All magic depends, according to the Doctor's statements, on the mind, and magicians will agree that the spectator's mind does play a large part in magic. However, Dr. Cannon goes on to explain that, "The adepts now, as of old, first hypnotize themselves and whilst in that state communicate with their subjects' unconscious mind by telepathy and so cause any hallucination, illusion, or delusion they think fit to suggest." The practising magicians of the world do no such thing but depend rather on leading the audience to believe the impossible has been accomplished by a mixture of psychology and manipulation.

The Doctor later quotes a Lama priest as declaring the importance of telepathy in magic. Undoubtedly I have never known that particular Lama, but those of the sect I have known, and interviewed, hold no such belief. They, as a matter of detail, had never heard of the idea of thought-transference or telepathy and, as far as I am able to discover, had no native equivalent for either word. In Chinese the nearest word to telepathy I could find is "heart lightning," meaning coincidental thought.

The power of the mind accounts, to the author, "for the extraordinary countenance and features of both the Chinese and Japanese races, whose womanfolk habitually worship their angular slit-eyed idols. The effect of beholding such may naturally and scientifically produce, in the offspring, a resemblance of what has made so sharp a telepathic impression on the mind, through the medium of the eye." To me it seems strange that the Hindu women who so regularly worship the many-armed idols bring forth babies with but the usual two arms. Perhaps I have been wrong in thinking that the slit-eyed idols were copies by artists of slit-eyed people.

Among the other miracles the Doctor saw visually, or in a trance, and describes were, the tree which withered when a finger was pointed at it, a man who floated four feet above the floor on the crest of a mental wave, a production of two saddled horses without using even the silk hat, the resurrection of a corpse eight hundred years old kept around the premises for the purpose. Then, to top it all, the Doctor gets himself wished across a torrential river.

It is strange that the reports of The Magic Circle of England, of which the Right Honorable the Lord Ampthill, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., is president, differ in all respects from Doctor Cannon's experiences. The fact that for thirty years The Magic Circle's trained members living in the Far East and investigating oriental magic have been unable to witness such wonders as the Doctor falls into on a short visit would seem at least to show how infrequently they occur. But when the Doctor says the legendary Indian rope trick "has been seen and vouched for more than a thousand times" we members of The Magic Circle know he could never prove his statement.

The Doctor calls upon his readers to believe in his stories, but all the store of credulity of this magician is required to believe the book to be anything but a hoax done during a brilliant scientist's fritterous moments. The book may be recommended for an amusing hour.

John Mulholland is editor of The Sphinx, *a magazine for magicians, and a former vice-president of the American Society of Magicians.*

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The New Books

Biography

A GIRL BEFORE THE MAST. By Betty Jacobsen. Scribners. 1934. $2.

Mr. A. J. Villiers's powerful series of books about windjammers have familiarized large numbers of the public with their ways and their voyages. Miss Jacobsen, whose volume is an attractive contribution to this group, was herself introduced to the wheat ships through Mr. Villiers.

In 1933, under Mr. Villiers's salty, yet practical literary ægis, she became a true member of the afterguard of the four-masted barque *Parma,* homeward bound from Port Victoria by way of "Cape Stiff." She was not really sailing before the mast, of course. Fortunately Miss Jacobsen is too honest a person to emphasize in the body of her narrative the artificial pose which is assumed for publishers' reasons in the book's title. Her place was aft, and she frankly admits it. After all, that is the only possible place for a girl in a sailing vessel, even if the ship be one of those wheat carriers aboard which sea tradition is decadent.

None the less, having a place on the *Parma's* articles, Miss Jacobsen did very well in the matter of living up to it. She worked hard, on deck, and even up aloft. Mentally, she devoted one hand to the ship and kept the other ready for herself —herein duly following honored tradition. In fair weather and in dirty, in the Howling Fifties and in the Doldrums, she was able to take an unfailing interest in everything. Throughout the eighty-three days of the voyage she watched the happenings and personalities about her with a fresh feminine appraisal which takes in the reverse side of the medal of sailing ship romance but is yet appreciative of the great joy of free days on boundless water. She is at her best in the portrayal of characters, and she provides us with a particularly clear picture of the types of officers and indentured boys who man these Druid ships, the last of their kind.

W. D.

Fiction

SEVEN MEN CAME BACK. By Warwick Deeping. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

This is an after-the-war novel of considerable originality of theme; one has only to read the prologue to be sure that the whole will be entertaining and forceful. A farewell dinner is being held, after the Armistice, by the officers of B Company, seven mess-mates who have become close in comradeship. The background, a French farm with its war-beaten *grandmère* in charge, is as effectively suggested as are the well-individualized Englishmen—from the cockney mess-orderly to Captain Sherring, who at once stands out as the beloved and admired leader. In the enthusiasm of the hour it is planned to make the dinner an annual affair in London—including Private Kettle, the cook-waiter-valet, who is abashed but delighted. "Well, I'm prard, sir. Me in civies sittin' down to grub with the likes of you." . . .

The book that follows is a study of the changes that have taken place as these dinners occur, together with events, in greater or less detail, that have led up to them; changes whereby it is evident that developments of character and circumstance may elevate or refine the lowly, leave stranded the superior, and bring the mediocre or the unscrupulous through to complacent success. The elements of these seven characters are in several cases thrown into a pattern quite different from that which the war produced or fostered, and which the prologue might have led the reader to expect. Yet the author makes these developments, as one looks back, both logical and illuminating. Frictions arise, even at the first dinner; incipient discords grow, and the reunions are at last perforce abandoned, but the stories of the outstanding characters are followed through. Mr. Deeping's novel is not a profound one but it contains effective planning, natural and entertaining dialogue, and original material which does not lie all upon the surface of life.

M. C. D.

TWO LOVES I HAVE: The Romance of William Shakespeare. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. Lippincott. 1934. $2.50.

Three of Madame de Chambrun's monographs on Shakespearean themes have been crowned by the French Academy. Others, written and published in English, have been received with controlled enthusiasm by the English-speaking world. Our pride in the supreme genius of the race is hardly more profound than our indifference to newly hatched theories of "the poet" and newly colored portraits of "the man." So long as the limiting facts of his earthly existence are obscure, each of us is free to create a Shakespeare in his own image or according to his private dream, or to worship him as a dim genie behind the magic, a Prospero whose private affairs can hardly be our concern.

To make a song or story of one of these greatest ones is a desperate enterprise. Madame de Chambrun is not more successful than others who have tried for a portrait of Shakespeare "in the flesh." Her assiduity in collecting the newer bits of evidence, the fresh gleanings from contemporary document and record, has helped her formulate certain theories which she has already expressed in more appropriate ways. She lays particular stress upon certain passages in Aubrey's "Brief Lives," and from them assumes the presence of kindred matter in portions of the work which were destroyed by discreet Anthony à Wood of Oxford. Out of such faint vestiges she reconstructs her lion.

The creature is highly idealized or rather sentimentalized. Conceded to have been human and imperfect, his faults are those of a romantic hero. A wild youth, but not the wastrel of legend. An ardent lover with a heart that was true to Anne. His marriage a matter of choice, not duty; his leaving for London a political necessity. His career a steady progress in the esteem of his fellow playwrights, as well

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

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OUTLAW SHERIFF *Will Jenkins* (King: $2.)	Western	To save his really guilty brother, our hero puts the local Law behind bars, sets forth to gather vindicating evidence. Poison to all factors, he plays the well-known lone hand to the finish.	Gun-smoke
STAG LINE *Graeme and Sarah Lorimer* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Novelty	The exploits of a 1934 model Philadelphia society bud who very definitely knows her way around and enjoys philosophizing. Entirely amusing and laughable in the high spots.	Fresh
STORM MUSIC *Dornford Yates* (Minton, Balch: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Young handsome, walking through an Austrian forest, runs into murder, and Helena of the Castle, whose hidden fortune in gold the dogs are after. This is a lively romance in operetta scenery for those who like such.	Okay
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

as in wealth and in social standing. His return to Stratford, a sort of triumphal entry: "surrounded by universal reverence, adored by his children, and venerated by townsfolk and troops of friends."

As for the emotional aberrations reflected in the Sonnets, our story-teller is confident that she has the mystery in her hand. The "dark lady" was none other than Nan Davenant, the innkeeper's wife, and "W. H." was surely H. W. the Earl of Southampton. Let Herbertists take notice! The style of narrative and dialogue is a jumble of Elizabethan and modern idiom. The action is unimpressive and fails to achieve the illusion of a living Shakespeare.

H. W. B.

TRIUMPH. By Frederick Niven. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Niven is a veteran novelist, and his "Mrs. Barry," the book just prior to the one before us, has received high praise. The present novel has only mildly moved and interested us. It is intelligently and sensitively written, with respect for true spiritual values, and with a wise knowledge of life; but it seems to fall into the class of good second-rate novels. It deals with the Scotch Heriots, particularly with the story of George Heriot, a musician who might have been a notable composer. Due to his weakness for drink—though more to sheer ill-luck—he first loses a teaching job in England, and then, after settling in South America, in Salvador, capital of the Republic of Almeria, he forfeits his position as music-master at the English Academy, through wandering, intoxicated and uninvited, into an Almerian ball. Even so, at the time, he preserves a certain dignity, and his punishment seems out of all proportion to the crime. Later, becoming more or less reinstated in the local society, as being necessary to a newly organized Amateur Operatic Society, he antagonizes the organizer by his opposition to the organizer's intention to pay no production fee for the copyrighted work they intend to produce. In other words he comes into conflict with certain social taboos, the upshot being that he and his wife and children are glad to leave Salvador and return to Scotland. Back in his native country, however, his ill-luck in drink and his inability to fit in with conventions pursue him and cause his death.

George Heriot's children grow older. The elder son is sent back to Salvador on business, as a sort of advance guard in his mother's scheme of revenge. The younger son, David, has inherited his father's musical gifts. The daughter, on a visit to Salvador, dies suddenly in South America, just as Mrs. Heriot arrives there pursuant to a long-laid plan.

But in the end Gertrude Heriot, the mother, finds that her revenge has ceased to interest her. Time and circumstances have brought her husband's story full-circle. Suddenly, at the end of her life, she begins to understand him and to sympathize with his alien attitude toward the pettiness of her own small social world. The force of the story is in the quiet wisdom of its revelation of the essential narrowness and tedium of conventional society to the artist; and its backgrounds are authentic. Yet, despite the unobstrusive good workmanship in it, we should be inclined to call it an "interim" novel.

W. R. B.

Poetry

THE BAMBOO BROOM. By Harold Gould Henderson. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.50.

That little known form of Japanese poetry, the seventeen-syllabled haiku, is the subject of this attractive and concise volume. Tracing the development in haiku technique from the thirteenth century to the present, Mr. Henderson illustrates generously from representative poets, and includes many specimens of their verse not usually found in anthologies.

His introductory remarks on origin and technique are illuminating. It is unfortunate that the quality of his translations suffers greatly from the arbitrary restraint of rhyme and by superficial interpretation. There is an attempt to explain Basho's famous:

An ancient pond;
Splash of the water
When a frog jumps in.

Mr. Henderson fails to take into account the immediate association of pond and monastery which Mr. Noguchi makes clear in his "Spirit of Japanese Poetry." To Mr. Henderson and to the reader the essence of hushed melancholy is lost. For beyond the merely literal aspect of the haiku is a wealth of significant detail of custom and environment. If supplemented by Eunice Tietjens's chapter on Japan in her "Poetry of the Orient," and by Asataro Miyamori's analysis, "The Bamboo Broom" will prove a fair guide to an inexhaustible field.

M. P. O.

Brief Mention

Bernhard Bavink whose monumental book *The Natural Sciences* was reviewed some time ago in this magazine has published a brief, semi-philosophic essay called *Science and God* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $1.50). * * * Also, let us note an informal and frequently amusing and always informative book called *Round Manhattan's Rim* by Helen Worden (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50) which takes the inquiring native or tourist from one end to the other all around that waterfront of which the immediate neighborhoods are certainly the most picturesque and in many ways the most interesting part of New York.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Popular Background to Goethe's Hellenism. H. Trevelyan. Longmans.

BIOGRAPHY

Girls Who Became Artists. W. and F. Kirkland. Harpers. $1.

DRAMA

Twentieth Century Plays. F. W. Chandler and R. A. Cordell. Nelson. $4. *The Finger of God.* J. L. Bohnert. Saratoga, Calif.

FOREIGN

La Terre et les Morts dans l'Oeuvre de Chateaubriand. O. Longi. Johns Hopkins Pr.

MISCELLANEOUS

Latin in Church. F. Brittain. Macmillan. $1.25. *News Stories of 1933.* Ed. F. L. Mott. Iowa City: Clio Pr. $2.25.

PAMPHLETS

D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield as Letter-Writers. L. Cazamian. Reprinted from *University of Toronto Quarterly. Problems of the Jews in the Contemporary World.* C. E. Shulman. Chicago: Argus Book Shop. 50 cents.

Double-Crostics: Number 9

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess thirty words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram.

DEFINITIONS

I. 44-69-29-98. One of the pieces used in chess.
II. 107-1-91-164-144. Play by Henry Arthur Jones.
III. 27-63-19-20-56-97-175-7-137. Ascending explosive.
IV. 115-28-13-55-88-105. Scene of "Prothalamion."
V. 23-16-100-159-50-93. Mr. Bones or Mr. Johnson.
VI. 6-64-14. Enthusiasm, vitality, vigor.
VII. 65-154-52-136. A wilderness that was paradise enow.
VIII. 31-113-140-62. Is caught off one's guard.
IX. 84-3-141-118-172-32. Woody, rural.
X. 43-155-41-163-58-46-110-34. Where Warden Lawes lives.
XI. 121-134-8-170-12. Member of a wandering tribe.
XII. 166-123-70-104-96. An Eastern capital.
XIII. 111-40-129-158-106-48. A fraud or imposition.
XIV. 151-75-135-132. To issue, put in circulation.
XV. 22-130-78-60. Hunted by night in the South.
XVI. 176-114-36-74-147-83. Gradually disintegrated.
XVII. 108-145-103-53-153-21-168-76. Celebrity, or heavenly body.
XVIII. 112-146-157-161-109. To delete, or efface by friction.
XIX. 71-4-15-30-125-39-173-117. Open disclosure (compound).
XX. 126-59-49-77-116-45. Anglo-Indian luncheon.
XXI. 38-86-42-101-10-72-67-35-128. Unyieldingly.
XXII. 5-124-18-152-61-99-26-139-33-73. Apocalyptic battlefield.
XXIII. 122-149-90-94. Bird celebrated by Shakespeare and Shelley.
XXIV. 66-51-89-81-133-127-142-24-162. Trash pile (comp.)
XXV. 85-57-167-119-25-174. Seat of the University of Illinois.
XXVI. 37-9-47-80-169. Musical piece with returning main theme.
XXVII. 17-160-87-102-143-131-148. Specialist in calisthenics.
XXVIII. 138-171-165-156-120-79-95. Published form of literary work.
XXIX. 68-2-54. Removed; most distant.
XXX. 82-92-150-11. Greek goddess of victory.

WORDS

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II _ _ _ _ _
III _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV _ _ _ _ _ _
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VII _ _ _ _
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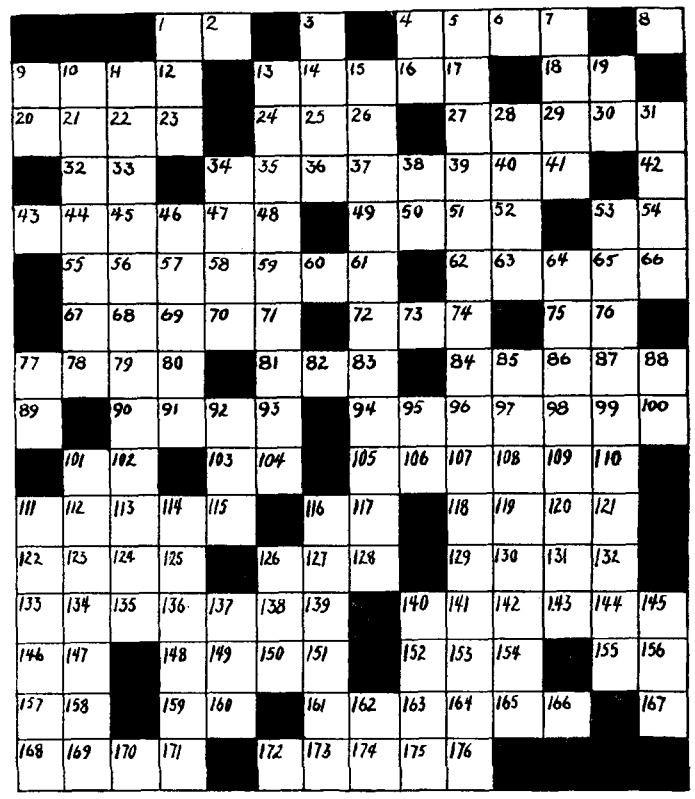
XXV _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVI _ _ _ _ _
XXVII _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXVIII _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIX _ _ _
XXX _ _ _ _

When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC

(NUMBER 8)

EMILY DICKINSON—"THE SNAKE"

Several of Nature's people
I know and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

. . . . . .

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing
And zero at the bone.

The Crime Club brings great news—H. C. Bailey's first full-length novel about Mr. Reginald Fortune!—Coming June 6th—$2

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SPORTS LODGE on Lake, now $2.00 per day including excellent meals; after Decoration Day $15.00 per week up and $3.50 weekends; modern, baths, tennis court, boat, canoes, riding, private dock, croquet, fishing, separate recreation building; 51 miles from N. Y. Run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J. Phone: NEtcong 413-J-2.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean; blueberry pie, lobster, new peas; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: $18, $20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

SWISS MEADOWS—Small old beamed, paneled mountainside farmhouse; also separate cabin; wide fireplaces, library, 500 acres woods, fields, brooks, apple, lilac, wild azalea blossoms (betimes); meals not always regular but ample, served on terrace overlooking Greylock and Berkshire valleys, or beside crackling fires. $5 day, $25 week, including afternoon tea. Cornelia Stratton Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

WIDOW with gift for home-making, would like to talk with middle-aged and elderly persons who would enjoy real home life with congenial group. Box 697.

SUPERIOR WOMAN in forties, widow, graduate nurse of Battle Creek Sanitorium, excellent housekeeper wants congenial position. Box 698.

WANTED—Well-bred, educated, pleasant Christian woman with sense of humor needs position June-September. Experienced with children and young folks. Accentless French and German. Knowledge of literature, art, history. Fairly musical. Economic and experienced in housekeeping. Drives car. References. Box 700.

THE MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT are quite right. Will Shake-speare did live and love. And HOW. What a man he was. But Wilm. Shaxpur, or Shakspe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, was not "William Shake-speare" the beloved Poet and Dramatist. Oliver Herford, Carolyn Wells, Gelett Burgess, Alice Fales, and other clear thinkers agree with me. Not a pediculous prof of Eng. lit. in the lot. Too yellow to face facts. George Frisbee.

OXFORD GRADUATE traveling to England would take pupil. Return optional. Open to engagement as resident tutor. Box 715.

CHICAGO suburbanite, fading twenties, desires correspondence with nice gentleman. Books, horses, shows, dances. What are yours? Box 716.

The French Literary Scene

By HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

IT has been apparent for some years to the close student of contemporary French literature that something was seriously amiss with the French mind and creative faculty. We can look back from the present point in time to a period extending roughly from 1890 to somewhere in the nineteen-twenties when France experienced what in many respects could be regarded as a literary renaissance. The Symbolist school, and all the schools that branched out from it, the impressive growth of new techniques of expression, new forms, new devices of language, the appearance of new writers of the magnitude of a Proust and a Gide, of imposing talents like those of Paul Claudel and Paul Valéry, of such variedly remarkable performers as Charles Péguy, Barbusse, the Comtesse de Noailles, Colette, Octave Mirbeau, Apollinaire, Jules Romains, Francis Jammes, and a little later Jean Cocteau, François Mauriac, Jean Giraudoux, Henri de Montherlant, Valéry Larbaud, Max Jacob, and a host of others—all combined to create an impression of vitality and exuberant fertility.

In the years following the war the output of books became enormous. Literature enjoyed an unprecedented boom. Publishers multiplied, scores of new literary periodicals sprang into existence, there was an insatiable demand for young talent. I was told at Calmann-Lévy's that since shortly after the war their first editions have almost without exception had a minimum issue of 4,000 copies.

Unfortunately there was no corresponding increase in originality and creative power. The tremendous output of "literature" from 1920 to the present is chiefly distinguished for its appalling mediocrity. This is of course true of Europe in general. "Europe is flooded with tenth-rate literature," said Aldous Huxley in faultless French some time ago, before an exclusive gathering of some of Europe's leading intellectuals which, with my American audacity, I walked in on, and which included Messrs. Paul Valéry, Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, Julien Benda, Salvador de Madariaga, Count Keyserling, Coppola, Emile Borel, Henri Bonnet, Bodrero, William Martin, Teleki, and several others.

It became a commonplace in the 'teens of the new century to justify the extremely experimental character of much of the new writing on the ground that writers were concerned with the recording of the novel kinds of experience which the technique and tempo of contemporary life had brought into being. Already we are becoming a little sceptical of the depth and importance of this new kind of experience, and what has subsisted of this experimental period has of course ceased to be novel. The "new" literature of the early twentieth century appears to us today less as a break with the literature of the preceding fifty years than as an extreme refinement of its essential qualities: Proust has his roots in Montaigne, Saint-Simon, Ruskin, and Anatole France; Gide in Goethe, Dostoievski, Nietzsche, and Oscar Wilde, etc. And it is becoming almost daily more apparent that these men of the turn of the century who so loudly rebelled against their immediate elders and sought new paths achieved a final flowering rather than the germ of something new. As one surveys the scene today it is clear, at least, that Proust and Gide (the literary Gide) and Valéry and all the writers of the individualist tradition which they have continued have no life-size disciples. Many of those who began to write before the war have continued to develop; but very few of the post-war discoveries have fulfilled their promise. They have not found their direction. French literature today is groping in greater darkness and uncertainty than it has known for over a century.

One must actually spend a little time in Paris, haunt editorial offices, talk with writers and book-dealers and the common reader, be an obscure shadow at the gatherings of the literary, to get the full gloomy impact of this dark hour of the French literary mind. *Un morne silence est tombé sur l'esprit européen,* was the way Georges Duhamel put it—a gloomy silence has fallen upon the European spirit. The bookshops are full of bright-colored, tempting books. The newsstands flutter with a variety of newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets that make a New York newsstand look like a stationery store display in a hick town. Carried along by its post-war momentum the gigantic literary factory of Paris goes on functioning. But the creative drive that once made Paris the most stimulating intellectual centre seems to be gone. Or rather, it is not gone, but is broken up into a myriad little individual impulses. Paris no doubt has as much vitality as ever. But at the moment this vitality does not express itself in a coördinated activity. The successive works of so many individual writers fail to reveal a real growth. And—with the exception of the A. E. A. R. group—there are no schools worthy of the name, which in itself is worth remarking; for French literature has always tended to elaborate itself through schools, even though outstanding writers have usually worked outside of and sometimes against them, rather than within.

Most of the French writers are floundering. The score or so of writers I have spoken to admit this of each other, if not of themselves. Gide has produced nothing since he became converted to communism, and declares himself incapable of writing anything: hinting that creative writing in our time has become unimportant. This consciousness is what one feels to be at the bottom of the prevailing embarrassment of writers. A considerable number have come seriously to doubt the importance of what they were doing, and this has, at least for the time being, rendered them sterile. Henry de Montherlant, Blaise Cendrars, Jean Cocteau, Jean-Jacques Brousson, and I don't know how many others are bogged in difficulties both personal and cosmic and seem unable to bring a full work to fruition. The escape which many of them have sought—and it is a terrible one—is journalism. Nothing is more disheartening than to read article after article by writers of real substance on trivial subjects in which a half dozen notions, often inaccurate, are thrown together in such a way as to appeal to the prejudices of a newspaper clientèle.

Literature has become a *racket* (against which, be it said, the best French writers are now beginning to rebel.) Several of the big publishing houses issue more or less sensational, widely circulated, weeklies in which, along with political editorials, articles on current events, intimate glimpses of popular actors and actresses, a fashion page, tabloidish photographs and cartoons, the usual advertisements ("Seins en douze jours," "Epilation," etc.), the authors sponsored by the publishers do their little song and dance and are cunningly advertised, with the titles of their complete works tucked into all the corners. Authors live in a light of publicity more glaring than that which floods our American movie actresses. On the front page of a daily Author A will write a long article about how his friend Author B spends his week-ends. A few days later Author B will write an article in another newspaper about the profundity of the writings of Author A. The prominent dailies constantly feature interviews with authors on every conceivable subject. One finds articles by poets and fiction-writers on America (invariably either disparaging or patronizing), Hitler, the world crisis, the gold standard, marriage and divorce, nudism, society gossip, the latest murder, women's fashions, etc., etc. They always violently disagree with one another, but they all say just about the same things. That is French "individualism."

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to STELLA GIBBONS'
COLD COMFORT FARM
the hilariously satirical novel called by the *Saturday Review of Literature* "A masterpiece—a book the like of which we seldom see."
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FREE secretarial service offered to writer for summer. Feminine pedagog, thirty, linguistic, literary, stenographic, prefers interesting connection to loafing. Box 718.

ADVERTISING AGENCIES! Quick! Who'll train a potential copy writer? Ambitious.

WANTED several copies of *Fortune* magazine to complete my files. I'll pay up to 35c each if in good, untorn condition; more for mint copies and uncut 1930 issues. Write describing condition of copies you wish to sell. Box 719.

PERSONABLE young woman, transplanted by depression, unsuccessful author, office worker, N. Y. area, seeks friendship kindred spirits, to whom life is an adventure. Interested literature, dancing, theatre, boats, bathing, conversation. Age 32. Box 722.

ARTIST, woman of refinement, recently returned to native country, and interested in literature, music, business, etc., wishes friendship with cultured gentleman over forty, living near New York. Box 723.

SURROUNDED BY MILLIONS of Cracked Brains, the products of our moron civilization! CONTACTS, correspondence club for the mentally isolated, connects you with over 1,000 debunked people. Free book exchange. Send 3c stamp for Prospectus 4c. CONTACTS, Box 91 Station D, New York City.

ATTRACTIVE young Jewess, interested in almost everything, wishes correspondence. EFFIE.

WANTED man or woman to finance or maintain a few months' living for a young authoress who wishes to complete a most unusual book. Box 724.

FOR PLEASURE self-expression affords, mandolin and guitar players join orchestra. Weekly rehearsals, New York City. Non-professional; no dues. GOOD players address "BRONX."

S. B. CANDIDATE wants non-scientific work. Interested in literature, music. Can write. Box 725.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, 26, Far-Western, moderately-attractive, must live, desires to travel this summer. Interested in honest, stimulating work with congenial people. *Suitable companion, governess, tutor.* Can cook. Likes animals, books, research. M. A. English, Univ. of Chicago. P. O. Box 784, Portland, Oregon.

IS THERE BACHELOR (25-35) desiring to know girl (northern Ohio) interested in literature, conversation, letter writing, lighter amusements? Present environment lonely. Box 726.

SURELY there is somewhere an artist or writer or family man of taste, who would like to escape from heat and noise to the quiet, privacy and comfort of my unusually attractive, completely equipped shore cottage at Great Diamond Island, Casco Bay, Maine, as a solution of the summer problem. Sacrifice price for immediate sale—a bargain not to be overlooked. Or will rent to adults with acceptable references. Owner, 29 Denton Road, Wellesley, Mass.

WANTED—Book-respecting occupant for six-room furnished apartment, opposite new Columbia library. Huge living-room; high, cool balcony overlooking Hudson, if not Elsinore. Moderate rental, July September inclusive. Box 728.

YOUNG LADY, stenographer, 25, publishing experience, intelligent, attractive, perceptive, wishes permanent or summer employment, New York, periodical or publishing preferred. Box 744.

FOR SALE: Small, well established, country book shop, within forty miles of New York, in growing community. Price reasonable. Communicate J. G., c/o Saturday Review.

NEAR BOSTON, country or seashore, is there light occupation for summer months, in congenial surroundings, for cultured woman, professional musician, experienced stenographer, executive ability, exceptional personality. Box 730.

COLLEGE family, isolated, rebellious, desire study in Manhattan. Will give excellent care to home while you are vacationing. Box 252, Montgomery, W. Va.

LADY will undertake light household duties in return for congenial home and small salary; prefers home with children. Christian family only. Box 731.

GOVERNESS, educated, experienced, wishes position with a family of musicians, artists or literati; will tutor French, music. Box 732.

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PERSONALS

WHO, simple-hearted but adventurous, would like to engage in a game of letters? (My gender is feminine.) Box 733.

RESPECTABLE person will share five-room cottage on private beach with another middle-aged fastidious business or professional woman who loves the sea, who does not habitually smash things, and who goes to bed the same day she gets up. Seventy-five minutes from Times Square; most of the conveniences; nothing between it and Europe; tennis courts; excellent bathing. Entire season $200. Box 734 .

WANTED by writer small furnished house, rainproof, electricity, adequate sanitation, in hayfever free New England locale for summer, autumn. Best references. Three in family. Box 735.

CULTURED Englishwoman would accept care, responsibility two children (girls), six to nine, for summer. Delightful cottage, Connecticut. Terms reasonable. References given and expected. Phone WIckersham 2-3854. Box 736.

WOULD-BE-WRITER, not pretty or exactly young, but with various interests and wide experience in travel and the art of meeting people, desires correspondence with others of the "clan." Box 737.

FOR RENT in Berkshires, July and August, furnished apartment for small family. Reasonable. W. Root, Williamstown, Mass.

500 FOREIGN post cards, unused. Will exchange these for typing services—one manuscript. Writer.

EXPERIENCED young woman traveler wants job driving party in Europe. International driver's license. Five languages including the Scandinavian. Typist.

WHY NOT be sure of all the comforts of home while visiting the *World's Fair?* My fine old twelve-room house, shaded by large oak trees, offers you the coolest spot in Chicago. Within walking distance to Fair in quiet refined neighborhood. Large attractively furnished rooms. Breakfast if desired; free parking. Make reservations early. Mrs. Georgia Light—Phone Kenwood 5422—4529 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago.

IS THERE one fond of reading, dreaming, writing; uninhibited, aspiring, articulate, responsive, who will write to poet, 22, male, insane with loneliness? Debris.

JAY KENISTON, a mere young man in the vivacious twenties, would welcome correspondence from others of the species, male and female. Interests: Literature, the theatre, music, athletics, travel. Address: Box 738.

ENJOY the simple life this summer. Old Vermont farmhouse near literary and artistic colony yet far enough away to secure privacy; furnished adequately; garden vegetables, Grade A milk, eggs and poultry available on farm. $40 per month or $100 for season. Cecil J. P. Dodge, Pawlet, Vermont.

YOUNG, cultured woman, experienced as tutor, desires position as companion or social secretary to man or woman of artistic interests. Box 739.

WANTED—Summer tenants for large, light, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, just off East End Avenue. River view. Four rooms and kitchen (two bedrooms), front and rear entrances. Attractively furnished. $45. June to October. PERROT.

INTELLIGENT, resourceful, ambitious lady, 36, desires unique remunerative position. Offer me. "Irish."

SOMEWHERE someone sighs for cheery line tinctured with "faith, hope, charity," and humor. Is that someone you? Maturity of mind vital requisite (—40+). Romona.

WOULD YOU travel, but not on planned cruise? I know a lovely cargo boat carrying few passengers leaving New York in June for Far East, calling at many ports. Is there a lady wishing to take this "Royal Road to Romance" accompanied by pleasant young lady experienced in traveling, dependable, irreproachable character? References. Cost moderate. Do not hesitate to inquire. Box 741.

J. M.—Please write again—hold the mood and sing your song.—M. B.

VACATION your pet at my Dogs' Boarding School. Circular on request. Ruth Clement, Hillsboro, N. H.

SIX COMPANIONS for 4 months' summer in Southern California. $140 each including excellent meals; sightseeing. Address "Pasadena."

VERMEER'S CAMERA gives appreciation to the public, success to artists. Saves years by Home Course or a summer in Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

YOUNG WOMAN, twenty-five, intensely interested in Spanish, anxious for a position where there will be an opportunity to use Spanish. Would be delighted to go to Spain or Spanish-American countries as traveling companion. Fond of adventure. Hardship no obstacle. Box 743.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

CONCERNING UNICORNS

THERE are certain words to which romance adheres in whatever relation they occur. Thus when a query as to unicorns came in to us the other day we felt an immediate leaping of pleasure at the prospect of setting out in pursuit and attempting to put salt on their tails.

Could you give me [wrote E. B. M. of Cazenovia, N. Y.] *the names of any books on the Unicorn? About five years ago a book was advertised on Unicorns, and one of the Benéts has a poem of that title. . . . I'd like to get other articles or books on that subject.*

As it happened, almost as we read E. B. M.'s note there came to our desk a scholarly work, THE RAINBOW BRIDGE (Houghton Mifflin), by John Strong Newberry, which since it bore as subtitle "A Study of Paganism" seemed to promise information of the sort of which we were in search. We fell upon it eagerly, and sure enough, tucked away at the bottom of page 52, we came upon the unicorn, described as "a complex creature, like the dragon and the phœnix, with a horse's tail, an ox's hoofs, and the body of a deer." There is only a paragraph specifically devoted to the animal in Mr. Newberry's book, but the two or three pages which precede it on the earliest Chinese deity are extremely interesting, and indeed the volume as a whole is full of fascinating material. The work to which E. B. M. refers as having been published a few years ago is, we imagine, THE LORE OF THE UNICORN (Houghton Mifflin), by Odell Shepard, which seems to be the most comprehensive book on the subject. If E. B. M. is looking for poetry and belles lettres bearing the title of Unicorn, she might look up James G. Huneker's UNICORNS (Scribners) which is, of course, a collection of essays on such personalities as MacDowell, Rémy de Gourmont, Cézanne, and other celebrities, together with discussions of piano playing, writing, and a variety of other matters. W. B. Yeats's COLLECTED WORKS (Macmillan) contains a play entitled "The Unicorn from the Stars," and Mosher of Portland, Me., issues THE UNICORN AND OTHER SONNETS, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

Good hunting to E. B. M. She will find further material in encyclopedias, of course, and in books on mythology and pagan lore.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN THE WAR

E. H. of Bluffs, Ill., *is interested in finding material concerning the part that the women of the United States played in the recent World War.*

In 1918 there appeared AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR (Appleton), by Ida Clyde Clarke, a comprehensive, though not discriminating, account of the American woman's part in the great conflict. Mrs. Clarke was full of enthusiasm for all that had been done, and her book is very much of the nature of a sustained eulogy. Nevertheless it contains a large amount of material not easily to be found elsewhere, covering women in industry, woman's committee work, Red Cross, war relief organizations, a directory of the leading women's organizations engaged in defense work, etc. The most comprehensive work on nursing, and the only official record in its field, is HISTORY OF AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSING (Macmillan), by a group of women. *Current History* for January, 1919, had an article by Emily Newell Blair entitled "Women in War Industries" and another by Caroline Rutz-Rees called "Women's Work in Three Nations."

A SCRAP BOOK ON MEXICO

W. C. G. of Burlington, Iowa, *has almost made us wish to be a high school student. He writes: "A group of high school students in economic geography are preparing scrap books upon various countries. The one I am writing for has chosen Mexico as his subject," and he desires guidance as to the sources whence he can obtain pictures of Mexican scenes, and people or drawings that represent historical Mexican subjects. Also he wishes works to which he can refer on Mexican life, customs, geography, or the like.*

The Department of Education of Mexico has recently issued three lavishly illustrated works which should be exceedingly helpful to W. C. G.'s student friend, one entitled ARCHEOLOGICAL MONUMENTS OF MEXICO, another THREE CENTURIES OF MEXICAN COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE, the third, MEXICAN PAINTING, by Roberto Montenegro. This last consists largely of portraits, though there are a few still lifes and groups. All three are handled in this country by Appleton. The Federation of Arts issues for the small sum of twenty-five cents a pamphlet entitled MEXICAN ARTS, and there are volumes containing handsome reproductions of the works of JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO (Delphic Studios, New York) and of Diego Rivera's in his recent PORTRAIT OF AMERICA (Covici-Friede). H. J. Spinden's ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA (American Museum of Natural History), is by one of the leading authorities on the subject. For general description of Mexico such works as Carleton Beals's BRIMSTONE AND CHILE (Knopf), Stuart Chase's MEXICO (Macmillan), and Leone Moats's THUNDER IN THEIR VEINS (Appleton-Century) may be consulted.

WRITERS ON THE NEGRO

The Southern University, which is interested in securing a list of negro books, wishes, we gather from the fact that it has just purchased ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL (Ballou), by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ullman, not only books by negroes but books on the negro by white writers. Among the most outstanding of the latter are Mrs. Peterkin's plantation novels, GREEN FRIDAY, BLACK APRIL, SCARLET SISTER MARY, and BRIGHT SKIN (Bobbs-Merrill), with their transcription of negro speech and lore and their portrayal of customs and manners, Roark Bradford's OL' MAN ADAM AND HIS CHILLUN (Harpers), from which Marc Connelly's play, GREEN PASTURES (Farrar & Rinehart) was drawn, and his JOHN HENRY and his recent KINGDOM COMING, a story of Civil War days; and Carl Van Vechten's NIGGER HEAVEN (Knopf), a portrayal of the Harlem negro.

NEGRO AUTHORS

As to books written by negro authors we have already prepared a list which we were about to print for another correspondent.

It was intended for J. L. Y. of Cincinnati, O., *who asks for a list of the twelve best books written by Negroes.*

Needless to say, we have mentally stricken the word "best" out, and are presenting a list of what we consider "good" books. First of all, however, we suggest that both the University and J. L. Y. consult V. F. Calverton's ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE (Modern Library) and J. W. Johnson's BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY (Harcourt, Brace), which will give them a bird's-eye view of Negro writing. The very latest book to come from the pen of a Negro author is JONAH'S GOURD VINE (Lippincott), by Zorah N. Hurston who makes her first appearance with this novel which the critics have been acclaiming. Among the first of the Negro works to attract attention were Paul Lawrence Dunbar's FOLKS FROM DIXIE (Dodd, Mead), William E. B. Du Bois's SOULS OF BLACK FOLK (McClurg). Among later writers of fiction to have risen to prominence are Walter White, whose FIRE IN THE FLINT (Knopf) is a bitter and forceful book, Claude McKay, author of HOME TO HARLEM (Harpers), and the late Jessie Fauset, author of CHINABERRY TREE (Stokes). Booker Washington's UP FROM SLAVERY (Doubleday, Doran) has taken its place among important American biographies. The work of the Negro poets, COLOR (Harpers), by Countee Cullen, WEARY BLUES, and FINE CLOTHES FOR THE JEW (Knopf), by Langston Hughes, the poetry of James Weldon Johnson, and his recent autobiography, ON MY WAY, have all drawn the approval of critics.

MORE ON THE NEGRO

J. C. L. of Ann Arbor, Mich., *also has a request in regard to Negro literature. What he desires is material showing the attitude of the Southern critic to the Negro.*

He will find Berton Brawley's THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART IN THE UNITED STATES (Duffield), C. S. Johnson's THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION (Holt), and THE NEGRO IN CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE (University of North Carolina Press), by Elizabeth C. A. Green, useful in getting an insight into opinion.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS Saturday (May 26th) the second annual dinner of the Companions of Brendan will be held in the roof garden of the Hotel Cornish Arms in Twenty-third Street west of Eighth Avenue at seven P. M. The dinner is informal and costs two dollars a plate. Checks for tickets may be mailed to *D. M. Ryan* (to whom make them payable), Room 1201, 220 West 42nd Street. The Companions of Brendan are organized to study Irish and Irish-American history and culture, and to promote Irish nationality. The young poet, *Kimball Flaccus,* will speak on "Aspects of Irish Poetry," *Professor Gerig* of Columbia will talk on "The Celt takes his Place in History," and *Major Eugene F. Kinkead,* former member of Congress, will discuss "The Irish Patriot at Home and Abroad." . . . *Leonard Twynham,* managing editor of the *American Poetry Journal,* has started a new publication to present verse dealing with the American scene and character. It will be issued quarterly as *Yankee Poetry Chapbook,* at 147-45 Ash Avenue, Flushing, N. Y. Each issue will treat of specific subject-matter, such as New England, the West, South, War of the Revolution, the American Negro, etc. . . . A youngster, *Jacob Landau,* in the tenth annual competition for awards given by the national high school weekly, *Scholastic,* electrified the jury on black ink drawings, who couldn't believe his illustrations for *Kipling's* "Jungle Books" were original. This being proved beyond doubt, they marveled at the fact that the work was unquestionably superior to that of many professional illustrators. The young artist attends Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, and received five other Scholastic awards. I have seen the drawings myself and they are remarkably good. . . . I learn that I was wrong in saying that *George Milburn,* author of "No More Trumpets," was moving back to Oklahoma. He had merely gone to visit his family in Coweta. He sailed for England this month. He took his Guggenheim award money and bought passage on cargo boats both ways and will spend a year in London writing a book about Oklahoma. He intends to tell the story of Oklahoma's transition from a pioneer state, and will center his plot around one of the early families. . . . The Spring 1934 issue of *Hound & Horn* was a *Henry James* number, and a most interesting one. This issue is sure to become a collectors' item, if only for its publication of the as yet unprinted project for James's great novel, "The Ambassadors." . . . The famous *Rosamond Lehmann* has a sister, it seems —*Beatrix Lehmann,* who recently played the leading part in London in the play "The Tudor Wench." Miss Beatrix's second novel, "Rumour of Heaven," is being brought out by William Morrow and Company over here. They say it is very good indeed. The editorial "We" are going away the beginning of June to write either a novel, a play, or a long poem. That should be devastating news. . . . "Do you jump at sudden noises? Are you dissatisfied with life?" says Whittlesey House to me. Yes. Yes. But the only solution they've got is a book by a professor of physiology called "You Must Relax." I know it, but I've been relaxing for forty-eight years! . . . In case you saw and were almost overcome by "Stevedore," the play by *George Sklar* and *Paul Peters* at the Civic Repertory Theatre, you can get the printed version through Covici, Friede.

Dutton and Company has been having quite a time with a contest they staged concerning a certain book of theirs, "A Gay Family," by *Ethel Boileau.* "Why," they asked [and offered $25 in books for the best answer] "did 'A Gay Family,' which came out in September 1933, not become a best-seller until after January 1934, despite good reviews and consistent advertising ever since its publication?" Some of the replies received embodied criticisms of the publishing machinery of the firm, some dilated on the intelligence of the reading public, some of the reasons stated were: the time of year of the reissue, the confidence of the editorial, promotion, publicity, and advertising departments, the lack of vacations to tire one out in January (as had been true in September), the vacations to Bermuda and the South, the discernment of critics, the distinctive jacket and fine binding, the title —the Roosevelts are a GAY family and we stand behind the President—the NRA, the CWA, the PWA, and finally, that a good book, like wine, improves with age! But the poor oppressed publishers, after ploughing through multitudinous correspondence, admit to feeling pretty bewildered. They have been advised, as it were, to gallop off in all directions at once in regard to any book they may publish. The crowd of bystanders has spoken with no unanimous voice but with an infinite variety of suggestions. It all boils down to the well-worn fact that you just never can tell what may become a best-seller.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Lorenzo's at 148 Chambers Street is probably the only café in New York that keeps a Birthday Book for its patrons. Customers whose birthdays are recorded in the ledger are privileged to call for One on the House on their birthdays. This agreeable custom was started by Mr. Critchell Rimington of the John Day Company. ☞The Laboratory Press at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, under the editorship of Porter Garnett, has completed an elaborate and beautiful volume, *The Fine Book,* a symposium on good printing by many authorities. Students in the Institute's course on Fine Printing have participated in the production. The book is bound by Grabau of Buffalo ("in acid-free niger morocco") and is for private distribution, not for public sale. Those who desire copies are asked to contribute $7.50 (or any multiple thereof) per copy—which is much less than cost price. ☞Among the contributions to the above work Old Quercus specially approves Eric Gill's remark: "Printers who give themselves the status of poets or painters, are to be condemned. The consequence is a pseudo-asceticism and a bastard æsthetics." ☞Harrison Smith & Robert Haas have issued a pamphlet by Haakon Chevalier on André Malraux's novel *Man's Fate* ("La Condition Humaine"). When that book (a psychological narrative of the Shanghai insurrection of 1927) was published in France, says M. Chevalier, "something vitally changed in French literature; and just as suddenly, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, Jean Giraudoux, André Maurois, Drieu La Rochelle, and the dozens of other clever, smooth, breezy, silly or cynical parlor-and-pullman-writers who have dominated French literature since the War, had an air of quaintness." ☞This gives us a good grin: why cannot a new book be praised without damning everything that preceded it? ☞The big scene will now be the competition between Smith-Haas and Little-Brown as to which is the most staggering achievement of modern France, *Man's Fate* or *Journey to the End of the Night.* ☞Both are very unusual books, but they don't necessarily etiolate everything else. ☞We are wondering when Putnam's will publish *Retreat from Glory,* Bruce Lockhart's continuation of the adventures of the *British Agent.* We are specially eager to read the promised episode of Lord Northcliffe and the drugged champagne.

☞While using unusual words, we wonder if Mr. John Chamberlain, of the New York *Times,* knows the meaning of 'velleity"? We were puzzled by his saying that Alice James shocked her brother Henry "by her lack of velleity in language." We have a horrid notion that our old colleague thinks velleity means something to do with veils. ☞We remember the time when Mr. Laurence Stallings, wishing to compliment Amy Lowell's life of Keats, burst out (in the N. Y. *World*) with the remark that it was "completely nugatory" —supposing that nugatory meant "full of nuggets." ☞The reason why we disliked Dickens's *Life of Our Lord* is that it seemed obviously written against his wife, just as the Old Soak used to complain that Mrs. Soak was reading the Bible agin him. ☞Mr. Sam Gundy, head of the Canadian branch of the Oxford University Press, is so fond of S.S. *Empress of Britain* that he came all the way to New York to sail in her. Old maritime Quercus, going down to see Mr. Gundy sail, noted that the main cuddy or lounge of the *Empress* is called "The Mall" (pronounced mell, please), which is hardly a seafaring term. The process of turning ocean liners into apartment houses is going to extremes. ☞The tragedy of the Nantucket Light Vessel will lend added interest to Archie Binns's unusual novel *Lightship,* announced for this summer by Reynal and Hitchcock.

How many of these

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have you read?

. . . probably most of them, for these 12 books (out of only 45 published by the Viking Press between April 3rd, 1933, and April 2nd, 1934) have been outstanding both for their critical reception and for their sales, and are still in active demand.

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